

# THE DIAL

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## THE PRESENT GENERATION.

Every man of middle age must have looked back to the days of his youth and speculated a little on how different things were then; there comes a time in the life of everyone when he realizes that he is no longer young and that the present generation is somehow different from the generation of his youth. Just what this difference is, is rarely obvious. It is no more obvious to-day than at other times.

For myself, I am of necessity given to rather academic studies, and I often join such thoughts to speculations concerning the turn of the century that rise from a study of English Literature. There we have, as has often been noted, the great age of Elizabeth, a period of freedom, and the great age of Anne, a period of discipline. The mind naturally runs on to the romantic period, about 1800, where again it was the time of liberty and imagination and ideas; and then says, How about 1900? Was that to be a second period of discipline, of correctness, of restraint? Has it been, is it such?

Certainly we can hardly expect the regular recurrence of expansion and contraction, of systole and diastole, as my honored old teacher Professor Corson used to like to say. Even if it were a regular heart beating, or a pendulum swinging, we should hardly expect that; for though it might have come regularly in 1600, 1700, 1800, there has been such disturbance of conditions that we could hardly expect just the same ebb and flow, or flow and ebb, coming to its point in 1900. Not to mention the great Victorian age, which perhaps was no greater interruption to the regularity of ideas than the Puritan revolution in the seventeenth century or the romantic revival in the eighteenth, there were other new conditions especially affecting letters. The utilitarian turn of the Victorian age was certainly making for an age of restraint, and indeed had made it, only sooner than one might have expected. No time has been so dead to anything that the Elizabethans or the romanticists would recognize as the time about 1880. The period of repression had come sooner, that was all,—induced probably by the immense increase of the read-

ing and writing public that came about from the mechanical advances in printing and the other arts that go to the making of books. I should say that the older generation — the generation which came to maturity about '75, '80, or '85 — showed not restraint but repression to a considerable degree. It did nothing in poetry; to write ballades, villanelles, rondeaus, rondels, triolets was its highest achievement. It did something in prose; but it was the prose of observation and document, the prose of Defoe two hundred years before, but generally without his genius. It was pretty hopeless in religion (here in America, at least), and pretty hopeless in politics. Much may be learned from the attitude of the young. Thousands of men now getting on in middle life were then in college; they can say whether what was then called "Harvard indifference" was confined to Harvard.

We need not fancy that 1900 was to have been another 1700. It very clearly was not. Whoever looked in 1900 for a modern Pope, a modern Addison, a modern Defoe, a modern Locke, would have been sadly disappointed. Rudyard Kipling and Bernard Shaw, Henri Bergson and William James, John Sargent and Claude Monet, Anatole France and Maurice Maeterlinck did not point in that direction. It may not be clear just whither they did point; but it was not toward Law, as commonly understood. Science and Logic and Realism had come to their zenith some years before.

If we look back to those days thirty or forty years ago — we who can remember them — we shall feel instinctively that times were very different. And the difference will not be the usual difference between youth and middle age. It is not that we were then fresh, enthusiastic, free, and that now we are confined, toned down, limited. That is the way one would expect an older man to look back to the days of his youth. But I will wager that with any man who has kept up with the times, the feeling is just the reverse, — he will feel that in those days he was confined and had no chance to live or think, and that it is in these days that one is more free to do something.

Take a few of the movements of the time that especially concern young men and young women. We might at the very first say that it is something that such things should now concern young women as well as young men; but take that for granted. It was in 1888 that the

Student Volunteer Movement was begun; that is a type, only, of a movement for active religion a hundred-fold greater. It was the indirect outcome, of course, of earlier influences, such as the preaching of Moody; but the full fruition of Moody's work was slow. The Northfield Conference, the Student Volunteers, the Christian Endeavorers, and many other forms of awakened Christianity, came in the last generation.

In politics the change is equally marked. The recollections of any political worker of middle age, the life of any politician, should show that much. As I look back to my college days, I feel sure that the temptation to the young man to get out into political work was very slight. I often used to think of it: it seemed as if the great causes had all been settled; civil service reform and the mugwump movement were almost the only things. Doubtless there was far more than I saw in those days, but I believe the main idea is correct.

So also with social service. Charles Brace's "The Dangerous Classes of New York" and Charles Booth's "Labor and Life in East London" were early and important books, and General Booth's Christian Mission as well as the Five-Points Mission in New York pointed a way. But the new era only began with Toynbee Hall in 1885 and Hull House in 1889. Social service to-day is a wholly different thing from the philanthropy of 1880.

This deals chiefly with America alone. I have not the broad outlook that could include the world; but certainly the words Modernism in religion, Socialism in politics, Social Service in philanthropy, seem to show much the same thing. In one case we can be more exact. In France a few years ago they were much impressed with just this interest of which I now speak, and a number of inquiries were made as to the difference in the thought of the young men of France in our own day and the young men of a generation ago. Of these inquiries the one published under the name of "Agathon" was most widely known, and in spite of some adverse criticism its general tenor may probably be accepted as accurate. Agathon looks back to the eighties, and views the generation for which Paul Bourget wrote his "Psychologie Contemporaine." There are perhaps among those who read these lines some who remember those brilliant essays when they came out, those remarkable studies of the masters of modern France, — Taine, Renan, Bau-

delaire. Agathon sees the generation of young France which came to manhood in the years following the war of '70-'71 to have been materialistic, sceptical, dilettante. Very different the France of to-day, as Agathon portrayed it and as the war found it,—very different in religion, in politics, and in the life of service.

We cannot be far wrong if we believe that the new century found the human spirit straining to get forward rather than holding back, looking out and not in, bent on action rather than doubting as to truth. So much probably would be news to few.

Farther it might be hard to go. Was 1900 merely looking to a repetition of 1800 or 1600,—a repetition coming faster than might have been anticipated because ideas get about faster than they used and so men live faster than they used? Can we take the torch of Shakespeare and Bacon and Spenser, of Wordsworth and Byron and Shelley, and carry it farther? Can we indeed (to drop the figure) even read Shakespeare and Wordsworth to-day and feel that they have anything to say to the modern man? Certain men of modern minds would doubtless say no.

I would not discuss that. I would gladly, however, point out one new idea in the present course of events which may prove to be a general leaven to the life of our time. I have spoken of religion, politics, and social service; now there is a word to be said of literature. The literature of the last generation has offered a curious commingling of the effort to see the environment of the life about us just as it is (which is sometimes called realism) and the effort to realize some other kind of life which we instinctively feel is better, which is sometimes called romance and sometimes idealism and sometimes other things. Everyone will recognize this in the fiction of the last thirty years and in the drama. It may be seen also in poetry. Toward the end of the eighties appeared the work of Henley and of Yeats; in the nineties were Davidson and Phillips; in the first years of our century came John Masefield and Alfred Noyes. The first thing one would say about Henley, Davidson, Masefield (or at least the first thing that people did say) is, Here is realism. And of Yeats, Phillips, Noyes, we should say, Here is romance. Yet as soon as we begin to read either set we find that such a ticketing is not of much use. Each one may have his especial leading, but Henley,

in spite of his "Hospital Sketches" and "London Voluntaries," is certainly romantic enough; and Yeats, in spite of his wanderings with Oisín and Niamh, in spite of his old Celtic romance or his modern magic, keeps pretty well in touch with the plain every-day life of the modern Irish peasant. And so with the others; there are preferences but there is not that sharp distinction between life as we know it and life as we wish it might be.

There is a passage in Scott's "Waverley" that is very typical of its time, almost exactly a century ago. Toward the end of the book it is written of Waverley, left behind on the retreat from Derby, that "he felt himself entitled to say firmly, though perhaps with a sigh, that the romance of his life was ended, and that its real history had commenced."

But nobody believes in any such sharp contrast now. The whole idea of modern religion, modern politics, modern social service is that one must go into them with such conviction, such enthusiasm, such life that their crudest realities fuse into a true romance. In fact, neo-realism and neo-romance are the same thing; which is the reason why it is so hard to classify (in the old classification) people like Rudyard Kipling and Bernard Shaw.

Of these two typical men I will merely offer two sayings which (to my mind) provide an explanation of the modern movement. Of Kipling we have an evidence, not from his own writing but from that of another, as to what he was to the rising generation. "He provided phrases for just that desire for discipline and devotion." There is more in "The New Machiavelli," but that expresses what I see in Kipling,—discipline become devotion, or just the other way if you will. That gets the two things together somehow, liberty and law; it fuses them. Of Bernard Shaw I will merely quote a chance expression, but a true one for all that. "Virtue," says he, "consists not in abstaining from vice, but in not desiring it." I don't know where he says it; but I would trust Dr. Archibald Henderson, from whom I quote it, on more than that.

I have written so much already that I cannot now develop this idea into all its ramifications in the life of our time. Perhaps some other time I may be allowed space to do that. For the moment it must be enough to say that the whole strength of the religious movements of the past generation lies in its emphasis on the power of Christ to-day to bring the human



will into harmony with himself and the purposes of God; that the essence of modern politics is that no system and no legislation imposed from without can ever make our public life what it should be, but that reform must be renaissance and come from within, must begin with the individual citizen; and that the heart of the social movement lies not in a sort of Lady Bountiful helping the poor, but in so much fellow-feeling with those who need help that one realizes that the needs and wants of one are needs and wants of all. The aim is (as it has always been) sincerity: the only way to make men good is to make them long to be good.

An old idea.—John Wesley, Francis, Paul knew it. If it be not the idea of to-day I wish it was.

EDWARD E. HALE.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

THE LOST CLASSICS OF ANCIENT GREECE have for centuries been vaguely and longingly conjectured to be awaiting disinterment whenever some conquering army of Christian Europe should recover Constantine's capital from the Moslem Turk. Hence the hopes of the learned world, perhaps even including the Teutonic world, in these days of reported naval and military activity in and about the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. If at last the treasures of literature now supposed to be lurking in sundry crypts and lofts and mosque libraries of Constantinople shall be brought to light, what may they not include? Even some of the best-known names in Greek poetry and drama are at present represented by but a small portion of the writings believed to have come from their respective authors' pens. Æschylus, known to us through seven cherished tragedies, is said to have written ten times that number; Sophocles likewise survives in seven of his tragedies, while one hundred and thirty are ascribed to him; and though the less-esteemed Euripides has come down to us in a score (less two) of his dramatic pieces, he exhibited plays for thirty-three years after first winning the grand prize in 441 B. C., and must have left behind him when he died in 406, at the age of seventy-five, a great many more than the eighteen extant tragedies bearing his name. Of other famous Greeks, known to the modern world by few of their works or by none at all, and thought to be awaiting a possible resurrection when the day of doom shall dawn on the Turkish capital, there are, for example, Archilochus of Paros, Hipponax of Ephesus, Anacreon and Sappho and Alceus, Stersichorus,

Simonides of Amorgos, and that later Simonides, of Ceos, famous for his prize elegy on those who fell at Marathon, and for fifty-five other prize compositions; and Pindar, whose extant work is but a fragment, and Philetas of Cos, and Lycophron, and Callimachus, and Meleager, and who knows how many more. If all these should come into their own with the fall of Constantinople, what a renaissance of Greek literature would forever after be associated with this the four hundred and sixty-second year after the taking of that city by the Ottomans! And if the recapture of the place from them should chance to fall on the twenty-ninth of this month—for it was on May 29, 1453, that they took possession of the capital of the Eastern Empire—what a memorable anniversary celebration that would be!

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THE SHORT-STORY HARVEST OF 1914, so far as that harvest is garnered within the covers of eight leading American periodicals, has been winnowed and sifted by Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, who publishes the results of his self-imposed labor in the Boston "Transcript," in a form resembling that in which Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite has for some years been wont to present his findings in respect to the annual crop of magazine verse. Six hundred and one short stories were read by Mr. O'Brien, who pronounces 229 of them to be possessed of "distinction," and 86 marked by "very high distinction." Among those writers who have produced the best work in this department, according to Mr. O'Brien, are especially to be noted Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Melville Davisson Post, Mr. H. G. Dwight, Mr. James Hopper, Miss Elsie Singmaster, Mr. Francis Buzzell, Mr. John Luther Long, Mr. Conrad Richter, Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Mr. Gouverneur Morris, Mr. Calvin Johnston, Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, Miss Mary Synon, Mrs. Edith Wharton, and Mr. John Galsworthy; and in his opinion the five best short stories of the year were, in the order of their merit, "Brothers of No Kin," by Mr. Richter (in "The Forum"), "Addie Erb and Her Girl Lottie," by Mr. Buzzell (in "The Century"), "A Simple Tale," by Mr. Galsworthy, "The Bravest Son," by Mary Synon, and "The Triumph of Night," by Mrs. Wharton (the three last-named in "Scribner's Magazine"). Mr. O'Brien's deductions and judgments are of undoubted interest; yet it is nevertheless probable that if ninety-nine other persons of equal critical capability were to present appraisals, based upon the same data, of the best short stories of the year, no two lists among the hundred would be found to correspond.



One is reminded of Mr. Bernard Shaw's rejection of a check for one thousand dollars sent him as first prize in a short-story contest conducted by "Collier's Weekly" a few years ago. "How do you know that mine was the best story received?" wrote Mr. Shaw to the editor; "you are not Posterity!"

THE NEW HEAD OF THE JOHN CARTER BROWN LIBRARY, in succession to Mr. George Parker Winship, who goes to Harvard as librarian of the Harry Elkins Widener collection, is announced to be Mr. Champlin Burrage, of the same stock as the Boston Burrages, though his present position as librarian of Manchester College, Oxford, may beget the erroneous inference that he is an Englishman. Portland, Maine, is his birthplace, Brown University his *alma mater*, and he is still on what may be called the upward slope of life, having been graduated from college as late as 1896. Two years of German university study, chiefly at Berlin, followed his graduation, and he has made a specialty of church history, particularly the history of the non-conformist movement in England, unearthing some important documents about Robert Browne, founder of the Brownist sect, which later became known as that of the Independents or Congregationalists. Also new sources of knowledge relating to John Robinson, pastor of the Pilgrims in Holland, have been laid open by Mr. Burrage, who has published "The New Covenant Idea," "New Facts concerning Rev. John Robinson," and "The Early English Dissenters in the Light of Recent Research." He has taken the degree of bachelor of letters at Oxford, which has stood sponsor for his more important historical publications and has, through Professor Firth and others, expressed its sense of his ability in research. A collector, for himself and others, and a bibliophile, as well as a student and writer, he comes to his new duties at Providence with ample equipment and every promise of success in continuing the usefulness and the high repute of the famous historical library to which he is called.

AN ADJUSTMENT OF COPYRIGHT DIFFERENCES between this country and England, as indeed between all the civilized nations of the earth, is one of the things to be hoped for and striven for in that better future to which mankind is ever looking eagerly forward. A recent step in the right direction has been taken by the British government in the issuance of an "order in council"—not of a warlike complexion, but eminently pacificatory—decreeing that henceforth the unpublished literary, dramatic, musical, or artistic work of an Amer-

ican author, playwright, composer, or artist shall enjoy the protection of British copyright equally with all such work of British origin. Thus the public performance of an American play in England will make its copyright there secure, without the publication heretofore required for copyright purposes. Musical compositions and art works will profit in like manner. All this should remind us, to our shame, that England has always been more liberal toward American authors in respect to copyright privileges than America has been toward English authors. Our absurd laws still require an English author seeking American copyright, to print his book in this country from type set up or plates made in the United States, whereas England only asks for simultaneous publication in the two countries, with no silly specifications in regard to printing. In the realm of letters all things that savor of international jealousy or suspicion or unfriendliness are absurdly and lamentably out of place.

ONE DAY'S ACTIVITIES IN A BUSY REFERENCE ROOM are too numerous and varied, and under too little supervision or control, to admit of anything like accurate record. Who can tell how many hundred different topics may be the subject of more or less thorough research at any one time, through the thousand or more general works of reference freely accessible to all comers in such public libraries as those of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, and St. Louis? Within the working hours of one such literary laboratory, that at Brooklyn, the following subjects are "a few that came to the attention of the staff," as we learn from Mr. Calvin W. Foss, the reference librarian in charge of the department: "Assaying of diamonds; lubricating oils; Platt Amendment to Act concerning Relations of United States with Cuba; criticisms of the writings of Seumas MacManus; Norman influence on English literature; Franco-Spanish Treaty (1912) concerning Morocco; civil status of Ceuta, Morocco; Tissot paintings of Life of Christ; New York laws respecting Morgues; foot and mouth disease; follicular mange; color photography; laws governing charitable institutions of New York City; finger-ring design; Japanese embroidery; steam engineering; comparative value of clay lands in different states, and market prices of the clays; architecture and furnishings of colonial dining rooms." When it is borne in mind that on the following day as many more entirely different topics probably demanded investigation, and on the day after that still another list, and so on for year after year, though with considera-

ble duplication of research in the long run, the practical usefulness of this part of a library's equipment becomes apparent. We need this reminder occasionally, in view of the undeniable expense of this equipment.

A POTENT POEM, the potency of which has shown itself in causing the withdrawal of Professor Kuno Meyer's candidacy for the exchange professorship at Harvard next season, has enjoyed an unexpectedly wide publicity after its recent initial appearance in "The Harvard Advocate." Awarded by Dean Briggs and Professor Bliss Perry the prize offered by this student publication for the best poem on the European war, this piece of verse, from the pen of Mr. C. Huntington Jacobs, of the junior class, takes its place beside Hoffmann von Fallersleben's "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles" as a generator of strife. It is entitled "Gott mit Uns," and is doubtless familiar to most readers by this time. That Euterpe or Polyhymnia or any other of the Muses should thus become involved with Mars in a quarrel so abhorrent, as one would suppose, to the Pierian Nine, must excite regret. The present incident, which has elicited an impassioned protest from our distinguished visitor, may perhaps serve a useful end in illustrating how trivial a matter will evoke the most vehement demonstrations of wrath when the atmosphere is tense with such bitter animosities as those of the present time. We are living in a powder magazine, and must be careful with our matches.

SECOND-HAND KNOWLEDGE OF BOOKS is very decidedly abundant, as compared with direct acquaintance. The hardest work in the world is to think independently; therefore mankind in general is glad to be told what it ought to think about the great masters of literature, and what book-titles and other scraps of literary information it ought to have at its tongue's end. Addison and Johnson, Montaigne and Voltaire, Schiller and Goethe, Homer and Dante and even Shakespeare, are little more than names to many persons who have the reputation of being well-read and perhaps actually think themselves to be so. This vague half-knowledge, or one-tenth-knowledge, however, is rarely made the object of deliberate commendation on the part of anyone whose opinion is of value. Yet some such praise seems to be bestowed by "The Bulletin of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences" when in a recent well-deserved tribute to Professor Copeland of Harvard it says: "Many Harvard men owe their knowledge of eighteenth-century English, of Fielding and

Smollett, of Goldsmith and Pope, directly to Mr. Copeland rather than to their readings in history or literature of that age." Might it not have been more complimentary to Professor Copeland, and also nearer the truth, to say that many Harvard men owe their knowledge of the authors named to their readings in those authors, prompted by their teacher, even more than to his personal instruction? Contact with a born educator does not convert the pupil into a sponge; he is rather fired with zeal for more positive intellectual activity than is implied in mere absorption. The assimilation of knowledge, like the assimilation of food, calls for a considerable amount of reactive energy.

A DEFINITION OF GREAT LITERATURE, from Mr. Howells's pen, has gained considerable currency of late, and its pithy brevity makes it worth committing to memory. It was after commending the unstudied effectiveness of Grant's style in his "Personal Memoirs" that he enunciated, in explanation of the book's recognized claim to greatness, the truth that "great literature is nothing more nor less than the clear expression of minds that have something great in them, whether religion, or beauty, or deep experience." This helps to explain why, as Leslie Stephen was wont to affirm, the best biography is that which approaches the nearest to autobiography; and it was with some such truth in mind that Edward Rowland Sill used to declare the only thing a man was really competent to write about was himself. Hence, too, as has been more than once pointed out, the truly great novel is, in essentials, autobiographical, though it is by no means necessary that it should be written in the first person, and it does not at all follow that every work of fiction presented as autobiography is possessed of greatness. Those novelists who hope to impart an otherwise unattainable virtue to their productions by making them autobiographic in form, but not in substance, may deceive themselves, though they will never deceive a discerning reader.

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### A SPURIOUS DERIVATION ATTRIBUTED TO LA SALLE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A story was set afloat some years ago concerning the derivation of the name of Chicago, which in the first instance was intended without doubt as a humorous sally by its originator. But as in at least two instances, it has deceived recent writers, who seem to have regarded it as authentic, it would appear to be necessary to examine the matter seriously.

In Edwin O. Gale's "Reminiscences of Early Chicago," published in 1902, there was printed what purported to be a letter by the explorer La Salle, said to have been written in 1682 from the present site of Chicago, "to a friend in France." In this letter (as printed) La Salle describes the river, flowing into the lake with a feeble current, "which occupies the course that formerly the waters of these great lakes took as they flowed southward to the Mississippi river." La Salle is made to say in this letter that "the boundless regions of the West must send their products to the East through this point. This will be the gate of empire, this the seat of commerce,"—a truly remarkable prediction if he ever wrote it as alleged. "If I were to give this place a name," he continues, "I would derive it from the nature of the place and the nature of the man who will occupy this place—ago, I act; circum, all around; *Circago*." Gale comments as follows on this extraordinary derivation: "The recollections of this statement, imparted to an Indian chief, remained but indistinctly, and when the Americans who built Fort Dearborn came to these wilds they heard what they thought to be the legendary name of the place and pronounced it as did the Indians, Che-ca-go, instead of Circago as La Salle had named it."

Gale was an inveterate joker, as anyone will readily perceive who reads his book; but his recollections have a real value to the historical student notwithstanding the author's humorous proclivities, for he came at a very early time, having arrived with his parents at Chicago in 1835. Now this so-called letter of La Salle's was given a place in Gale's book apparently for a humorous purpose and nothing else. It is a surprising fact, however, that the letter has been taken quite seriously by later writers. In a volume entitled "Chicago, Past and Present," by S. R. Winchell, published in 1906 (four years after the appearance of Gale's book), there is quoted the La Salle letter together with Gale's comments, as if with the author's approval of its authenticity. Likewise in the "City Manual of 1914," issued by the Chicago Bureau of Statistics, the letter is quoted on the reverse of the title-page, occupying the page by itself, apparently with the approval of the compiler.

It is interesting to observe, however, that at least one writer was not deceived by the letter thus appearing for the first time in Gale's book. Mr. John F. Steward, in his work entitled "Lost Maramee and Earliest Chicago," published in 1903, notices the publication of the letter, and remarks: "I do not find anything like this in any of the writings of La Salle, and I believe that I have a copy of every scratch of La Salle's pen that did not perish with him." Other writers, however, have regarded the letter as a joke, which it undoubtedly is and was intended to be, and have made no references to it whatever.

One would have supposed that the general contents and style of the letter would have furnished sufficient evidence of its spurious character. The description of the region, for example, where the "course that formerly the waters of these great lakes took as they flowed southward to the Mississippi river," is mentioned, could only have been

based on knowledge that neither La Salle nor any of his contemporaries possessed, for such knowledge has been arrived at only by means of investigations into glacial action by scientific men within the last two generations. In regard to the sounding phrase that "this will be the gate of empire, this the seat of commerce," it is impossible to believe that La Salle ever used the language quoted, as it is foreign to his own style and that of other writers of the time.

Ingenious derivations of place names have been a favorite sort of humor in times past, mostly confined to newspaper paragraphs; and persons having a taste for fantastic notions of the kind, often said by their inventors to be derived from tales of trappers or Indians, find immense enjoyment in their repetition. But this is probably the first instance where it has become necessary to enter a solemn refutation of nonsense of this character. However, if jokes must be labelled, let it be done in this case; or, better still, let such trifling be excluded from text-books and manuals having a serious purpose in view.

J. SEYMOUR CURREY.

Evanston, Ill., May 4, 1915.

#### THE FALLACIES OF "PEACE INSURANCE." (To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Permit me to call your attention to some errors in your review of my book, "Peace Insurance," in your issue of April 15.

You state that my volume "offers no explanation as to why Europe, which has long carried very heavy insurance of this sort [armament], has now so destructive a war upon its hands." While it is true that I did not attempt to cover the intricate and controversial causes of the war, I did explain the causes in general in some detail. Permit me to invite your attention to pages 4 and 5, and to quote therefrom, in part:

"It is thus that military force, insuring against defeat in war, insures against any war at all. . . . We insure against loss by fire, theft, burglary, etc. . . . In addition we attempt to prevent loss by fire departments, police departments, etc. These forces, it is needless to say, do not prevent fires, nor crimes, but they lessen their frequency and afford the BEST MEANS OF PROTECTION YET KNOWN. Military force bears the same relation to conflicts between nations."

The above is but a summary. In the book it is substantiated at some length. Your statement that I offer no explanation is, therefore, incorrect.

It is also stated in your review that the fact "that the victorious Confederate army at Bull Run also consisted of volunteers seems to have escaped the writer's notice,"—this being a result of my claim that with an army of trained troops, instead of a mob of civilians, the North would have gained a decisive victory and probably ended the war. I hope that you do not always reason so lightly. It may be remarked that when armies meet in battle, even with both sides untrained, it is not infrequent for one side or the other to be victorious. However, when a trained army meets an untrained army of equal size, it is seldom that the untrained one wins. It was this fact which *did* come to my notice, and which caused me to say that a trained army on the side of the North would have changed



the result and ended the war. Had the South a trained army I could not have made such a statement. Furthermore, on page 153 of my book you will find actual comment on the condition of the Confederate force. Hence your statement in this respect is also incorrect.

Your closing sentences state that the anti-militarist sees things as they ought to be and can be, while the militarist sees things as they were in the past alone. However, in "Peace Insurance," while a very proper advantage is taken of the lessons of the past, two complete chapters are taken up with a study of the present and the future,—namely, the chapters on "The Likelihood of War To-day" and "Will War Ever Be Abolished?" The fact is that my book does consider things as they are, and as they probably will be according to all natural laws; while the pacifists confuse these facts with theory and things as they ought to be, but in our time cannot be.

Of course, in my attempt to present the case for the so-called military party, I have failed to do it justice in many respects. In that respect the book is weak, and it contains the errors common to all such publications. Nevertheless, I have been gratified to note that in their adverse criticism, the pacifists, among whom your reviewer must be numbered, are apparently compelled to evade the matters considered, to misstate matters, or to select trivial errors which reflect only on the author and in no way on the correctness of his thesis.

Your attention is invited especially to pages 157 and 158 of my book. It is to be hoped that you will be fair enough to correct your misstatements.

RICHARD STOCKTON, JR.,  
Captain, 2d N. J. Infantry.

*Bordentown Military Institute,  
Bordentown, N. J., May 3, 1915.*

[While we are glad to give space to the above, we do not consider that it impugns the validity of our reviewer's statements at any point. The quoted paragraph can scarcely be regarded as a satisfactory explanation of the break-down of the author's theory in the case of the present war. Nor is the analogy with insurance against fire, theft, etc., an accurate one. The function of our police departments is to detect and suppress crime; the function of our fire departments is to extinguish conflagrations. The function of an armed military force is to fight, and throughout the history of the world those countries with the largest armed forces have always been the aggressors in warfare. In the case of the Civil War, the author imagines that the possession of "an army of trained troops" by the North would have resulted in a victory at Bull Run and thus ended the war. But why did the Southern victory not end the war? And with an army of trained troops at her command, would the South have been any the less reluctant to secede from the Union and thus provoke war? Our reviewer does not say that "the militarist sees things as they were in the

past alone." He says that "the militarist finds his warrant in what has been" rather than in what ought to be. The difference between militarist and anti-militarist is similar to the difference between the bourbon slaveholder of ante bellum days and the abolitionist. To the former, slavery was an established institution, based on "natural laws," which had always existed and so always must exist; to the latter it was a menace to civilization that must be wiped out at any cost.—  
EDITOR.]

#### AN ANCIENT JOURNALISTIC JEST.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It has long been the fashion of the Eastern press to make the word Chicago synonymous with pork, wheat, and wind, and to refuse to admit the possibility of culture. I have sometimes wondered how far this convention is due to the Chicago daily newspapers themselves.

Recently a serious association of writers, the Society of Midland Authors, completed its organization in this city. Its founders were Messrs. Hamlin Garland, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, William Allen White, Emerson Hough, and others equally prominent, and its roll contains the names of nearly all the well-known writers in the Middle West. The morning after the meeting one of our leading dailies gave the new society a column with the heading, "Thrill Spillers Feast and Play: Stuff Selling Well." The article began with the ancient jest reclothed in the following form: "Chicago, the city of wheat corners and meat trusts, witnessed another naughty combine when twenty-six authors wiggled their fingers at the Sherman anti-trust law and corraled all of the divine afflatus," etc.

Probably an article written in just this vein could not have appeared in a reputable newspaper of any other American city large enough to form the headquarters of such an organization. It is not an isolated case, but has been repeated in one form or another in the news columns of nearly all of the Chicago dailies when the subject of authorship is approached. I do not refer to the review columns; they are for the most part admirably managed, and are, on the whole, the equal of any in the country.

It is not to be supposed that the authors themselves take these good-natured slaps with great seriousness. They may smile rather wearily at the antiquity of the jest, and let it pass. But the newspapers that assume this attitude toward literature are giving color to the laugh that has always been raised in the East against Chicago culture. If the Chicago dailies are to be regarded as the makers of public opinion, they should take different ground than this; if they are to be considered as the reflex of public opinion, they should have some regard for the increasingly large number of citizens who wish to see Chicago freed from its ancient stigma.

There are some who hope that the time is coming when the men and women who write books will not be regarded by our city press as a subject only for merriment.

WALTER TAYLOR FIELD.

*Chicago, April 28, 1915.*



### The New Books.

#### A VETERAN DRAMATIC CRITIC ON FAMOUS SHAKESPEAREAN ACTORS.\*

To praise in formal terms at this late date a work of Shakespearean scholarship and critical taste and judgment concerning which our pre-eminent Shakespeare editor and scholar, the late Dr. Furness, wrote (in commending its initial volume), "Never before has there been, within the same compass, so much truth and wisdom uttered concerning the acting and interpretation of Shakespeare," would savor strongly of superfluity if not of absurdity. Some indication of the contents and main features of the second series of Mr. William Winter's "Shakespeare on the Stage" will sufficiently introduce the book to those interested in this rich garnering of more than half a century's criticism and reflection in the field of Shakespearean stage presentation in England and America.

As in the opening volume, so in this, six plays are considered; namely, "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "King Lear," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Julius Caesar." A brief history of the play, including some account of its early presentation, is first given, in each instance, and is followed by descriptions of subsequent memorable performances, these descriptions becoming more and more vivid and entertaining as the times are reached wherein the writer was old enough to have personal knowledge of that whereof he writes. Appraisements and comparisons of leading Shakespeare impersonators fill much of the space, and the numerous portraits of these actors and actresses in stage costume heighten the effect of the author's descriptions. Cold must be the temperament of him who refuses to kindle with some reminiscent ardor over these recollections of the Shakespearean triumphs of Edwin Booth and John McCullough and Henry Irving, of Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson and Ada Rehan, with many others, some of whom will have entered into the play-going experience of the great majority of those who turn Mr. Winter's pages. His warm but always intelligent appreciation of good acting shows itself repeatedly, as for instance in his glowing accounts of that masterpiece of histrionic art, Adelaide Neilson's impersonation of Juliet. Here as elsewhere he lays emphasis on the importance of a well-conceived artistic purpose, of a certain detachment that forbids the player to lose himself in

his part, however passionate may be the emotions he is called upon to portray. In Miss Neilson's acting, he says, "the mind, invariably and rightly, controlled the feelings." And further, with a grace of diction and a critical penetration that will not be lost upon the appreciative reader, he continues:

"Miss Neilson's *Juliet* was a being all truth, innocence, ardor, and loveliness, in whose aspect, nevertheless, there was something ominously suggestive of predestination to misery, herself meanwhile being pathetically unconscious of her doom. It was not so much what the actress said and did as what she *was* that permeated her performance of *Juliet* with this strange, touching quality, which saddened even while it enthralled; it was the personality of the woman, not only captivating the senses but powerfully affecting the imagination. All that she said and did, however, had been carefully considered. Nothing had been left to chance. She knew what she intended to do, and she knew how to do it—for which reason the personation was distinct, rounded, cumulative in effect, and free equally from tameness and extravagance. She had, as all actors of genius have, moments of sudden insight and electrical impulse, in which fine things are unpremeditatedly done, but she was, intrinsically, an artist, and over all that she said and did and seemed to be there was a dominance of artistic purpose which, without sacrifice of the glamour of poetry, made the poetic ideal an actual, natural human being."

There is more that one is tempted to quote, exquisite in delicate appreciation and vivid in apt selection of epithet and phrase; but the reader's full enjoyment of the book itself must not be unduly forestalled. Instead, and as an amusing illustration of Mr. Winter's other manner, of his command of sarcasm and his ability to voice in no uncertain tones his unflattering opinion of an inferior and pretentious performance, let us insert a few of his remarks on a quite different interpretation of the same favorite Shakespeare character:

"... The tragedy was produced, for the purpose of 'starring' Miss Mather, by Mr. James M. Hill, of Chicago, since deceased, a genial speculator in popular 'amusements,' who believed, with *Bottom*, that Tragedy should not be permitted to fright the ladies. 'A lion among ladies,' says the immortal weaver, 'is a most dreadful thing.' In Mr. Hill's production, accordingly, the play,—arranged in six acts, sixteen scenes, and nine tableaux,—was considerably invested with the accessories of decorum and soothing domesticity. In the scene of the secret marriage of *Romeo* and *Juliet* two monks, moved, apparently, by springs, suddenly came out of the wall of *Friar Lawrence's* Cell and placed hassocks for the bride and groom to kneel on, while the service was in progress. *Juliet's* Bed-room,—the time of her nuptials being the middle of July, in a hot country,—was thoughtfully provided with a large fire of brightly blazing logs. On the morning appointed for her wedding

\* SHAKESPEARE ON THE STAGE. Second Series. By William Winter. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

a numerous company of young women entered her chamber, to awaken her with cheerful song, but, finding her dead, those accommodating vocalists placidly ranged themselves about the apartment and sang an appropriate and moving dirge. *Juliet's* Tomb, a huge, gilded structure, shaped like a glove-box interiorly illuminated, was exteriorly flooded with 'moonlight,' shed from a glaring 'lime.' And at the last, as a decent, orderly, becoming close to the spectacle of affliction, many friars thronged into the graveyard and sang the 'Miserere,'—seeming to imply that *Romeo*, when on his way to the Tomb, had heedfully paused at the Abbey and bespoken ecclesiastical participation in the forthcoming obsequies. To enhance the effect of these imposing novelties Mr. Hill furnished highly-colored scenery that shone like a brass coal-scuttle. As I viewed the spectacle I thought of an old play in which the comedian Burton was exceedingly droll, acting an ignorant parvenu, who, being asked whether, in the furnishing of his library, he wanted to have 'all the old authors,' exclaims, 'No, not a damn' one of 'em! All new!'

In his chapter on "King Lear," the longest and perhaps the most noteworthy in the book, the author makes clear, incidentally, what his doctrine as elsewhere stated might seem to contradict, that art is not all-powerful on the stage, that even a great actor's intelligent conception of his part may be neutralized more or less by peculiarities or defects of temperament. Concerning Edwin Forrest's acting of *Lear*, which the author witnessed many times, he has considerable to say, of which a part is here given.

"Forrest was never indefinite. In all his acting clarity of design was conspicuous, and strength of person went hand in hand with strength of purpose. He knew his intention and he possessed absolute control of the means needful for its fulfillment. He was never weakened by self-distrust. He never wavered. Adamantine authority, inflexible repose, explicit intent, directness of execution, and physical magnetism were his principal implements, and he used them freely and finely. His figure was commanding, his voice copious and resonant. He was a man of prodigious individuality, an egotist of the most positive type. The beauties of his acting were much upon the surface; the defects of it were largely those of his character. In the vigorous maturity of his professional life his *King Lear* was little more than an exhibition of himself; an exceedingly strong and resolute man, assuming, not very convincingly, the appearance of being old, and imitating, cleverly but not pathetically, the condition of madness. In his later years he had become much changed. Thought, study, observation, experience, and the silent discipline of time, had, in a measure, chastened his egotistical spirit and refined his art. Misfortune, sickness, and suffering had done their work on him, as they do on others. The last time I saw him as *King Lear* he played the part as it should be played, and was like the breaking and then broken old man that *King Lear* is."

The natural tendency of a dramatic critic of Mr. Winter's age and experience to favor the old methods and distrust the new, appears by implication here and there, and explicitly in more or less positive utterances scattered through the book, notably in certain passages of his preface like the following:

"No account has been attempted of the methods employed by such eccentric pretenders to originality as Herr Max Reinhardt, Mr. Granville Barker, and Mr. Gordon Craig. Judgment as to their productions necessarily waits until they have been seen and studied. Their methods,—if I can trust what I have read and heard about them,—are, variously, degenerate, contemptible, and silly,—in fact, an abomination."

Mr. Ben Greet's attempt to give us Shakespeare somewhat in the Elizabethan manner fails to win the author's applause. In his opening chapter he takes occasion to say:

"Mr. Greet is aware, and he has so signified in print, that the old mode of producing Shakespeare's plays 'can only be reflected to a limited extent,'—in which case the reflection is, practically, barren of 'educational' value. This manager's actual purpose, as distinguished from his pretended one, is commercial, and as such a purpose is honest it should not be associated with a sophistical and fatuous pretence, which smacks of humbug. To produce plays as, probably or certainly, they were produced three hundred years ago, before Science had made discoveries and Ingenuity had contrived inventions which Taste has employed to revolutionize all the old processes of industry and art, is only to do badly that which can be done well; and to do this under the pretence of serving the cause of 'education' is to be disingenuous."

But may not half a loaf be better than no bread? Even a partial return from the distracting elaboration of the modern Shakespearean performance to something like the austere simplicity of Shakespeare's own time may have real value, even "educational" value, in spite of Mr. Winter's serious doubts.

Four more volumes, the author announces, remain to be written in this series, so that it is not yet the time to point out any conspicuous omissions, any over-emphasis upon the old-time stars at the expense of their modern successors in the Shakespearean firmament. An occasional foreglimpse of what is to be expected in those volumes is given in the present one, and the sustained interest of the completed work may be taken for granted. Announcement of half a dozen other prospective works, largely devoted to actors and acting, promises still further delights to Mr. Winter's readers. May they reach completion and fall nothing short of this volume in engaging quality, refining influence, and intellectual stimulus!

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

## A CRITIC'S CREDO.\*

For all who have read Mr. W. C. Brownell's few severely and serenely weighed volumes of criticism, and have come to know him as one of America's leading critics, an arbiter who may well challenge comparison with his best contemporaries in England, it is a pleasure to turn to the recent slender volume in which he formulates his critical credo. One finds nothing disappointing in these pages, with their characteristic tough-sinewed style, perhaps a little more gnarled than usual but bright with carefully distilled epigrams, cunning with logic, full of learned words sometimes almost queerly Johnsonian, but striding quite naturally in buskins. "Criticism itself is much criticized," says Mr. Brownell, "which logically establishes its title." He answers those who say that "only artists should write about art" by observing that the artist has, in general, a point of view which is either merely "personal and not professional" or conventional; in either case it is not likely to receive well the innovations or reactions of another artist.

In considering the field and function of criticism, Mr. Brownell first classifies "all artistic accomplishment" into the "moral and material." The critic needs a less elaborate knowledge of the material (technique) than the practitioner. Indeed, such knowledge in excess would tempt the critic "to exploit it rather than subordinate it," and thus lose the perfect poise upon which Arnold insisted. Hence the impatience of the artist, who often seeks in criticism "what it is the province of the studio to provide." Thus also it comes about that "artistic innovation meets nowhere with such illiberal hostility as it encounters in its own hierarchy, and less on temperamental than on technical grounds." "The proper judge of the tiller," moreover, "is not the carpenter but the helmsman." The material data are far less significant for the critic than the moral. No artist can achieve greatly without the moral attributes. But the artist-critic generally neglects these to gossip about mere craftsmanship, while the true critic signalizes these life-giving qualities. "The true objects of his contemplation are the multifarious elements of truth, beauty, goodness, and their approximations and antipodes, underlying the various phenomena which express them, rather than the laws and rules peculiar to each form of phenomenal expression; which, beyond acquiring the familiarity needful for adequate appreciation, he may leave to the professional didacticism of each."

Let the critic remember that "no one knows his subject who knows his subject alone" and provide himself with a rich equipment. Since literature is a criticism of life, he must know life intimately, and he must have a philosophy of life in order that his "individuality" may "achieve outline." To Mr. Brownell, history seems to take first rank among the general departments of knowledge necessary for the critic's broader equipment. Aesthetics, too, are very valuable, though their field is deemed more restricted than that of history. Let the literary critic know art, and the critic of art know letters. Cultivate divine philosophy,—but sparingly; "its peculiar peril is pedantry." As examples of critics who have profited by this "cognate calling," Mr. Brownell names Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Scherer, and discusses them (as indeed he comes later to discuss others) with deep penetration.

"I know nothing of art," says the Philistine, "but I know what I like." For retort, let us recall Mr. Vedder's words: "So do the beasts of the field." Criticism must have a criterion. Impressionism may "be strictly defined as appetite": and though in its great practitioners it "has certainly nothing gross about it," it is limited by its habit of giving decisions without reasons and so cannot validate "its decisions for the acceptance of others." Impressionism rises, to be sure, from a fine sense of tolerance. But since there is no universal taste, a critic "to be convincing must appeal to some accepted standard. And the aim of criticism is conviction." Yet one must beware of reacting against impressionism in the manner of Brunetière. His destructive work was good. But constructively he could place against mere personal preference a criterion no better than "the classic canon" of the art of the seventeenth century, an art august, but forever departed. "Though he became a distinguished scholar, Brunetière retained the temperament of schoolmaster" (a defect which—may the reviewer interject it?—is equally fatal to a critic and a schoolmaster). Let the true arbiter be humbler, and learn from impressionism at least this—that even Euclidian proof demands postulates, that critical dogmas "rest finally upon instinct," and that "faith underlies reason." Moreover, the postulates of criticism are, unlike those of mathematics, "taken for granted rather than self-evident," and are often mere specious conventions "that depend on the sanction of universal agreement." Hence come the imperious but transitory conventions of romanticism, realism, symbolism, and so forth, setting fashions importunately only to stand out at last as but vaguely and imper-

\* CRITICISM. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



fectly related to eternal principles. The really eternal postulates have varied little since the days of Aristotle. Let us then call upon the impressionist, who advances a new intuition, "to tell us *why*"—since intuition does not go far without reason. We should ask: "Is your feeling the result of direct intuitive perception, or of unconscious subscription to convention" which the reason may winnow away as quasi-intuition, chaff, prejudice? Impressionism unsupported by intuition may well impeach the reason, but let it remember that the reason is not to be dethroned. The critic must judge, not merely "testify and record." With the bright instrument of the reason he is no longer the old-fashioned judge, "the slave of schools," or the irresponsible impressionist, "the sponsor of whim." Reason alone can deal fairly with our great contemporary problem of "realism," and show when "realism" becomes unreal, or where the opponent of realism confuses "the ideal with the fantastic." Finally, the rational criterion will serve better than all others to determine "the relation of art and letters to the life that is their substance and their subject as well."

And a rational criterion implies a constructive method. In itself, analysis reaches no conclusion, which is the end and aim of reason. Here Sainte-Beuve often fell short. We must, as critics, have a thesis quite as much as do those works of art which we criticize. Yet the constructive method tempts readily to excess, a central conception often leads to the "partisanship of Carlyle, the inelasticity of Taine, the prescriptive formulism of Brunetière. The spirit of system stifles freedom of perception and distorts detail." As we approach such criticism, either as readers or as practitioners, we must guard against untrustworthiness, yet keep our minds open to the values of its artistry, its insight, its genuine instructiveness. The now popular historical method reveals most markedly the excess of the constructive method. Taine, for instance, was not a critic but a philosophical historian. But if he blurs individual traits he certainly illumines general perspectives. The rest may be left to pure criticism; for though the historical method has rendered great constructive services, it tends to impose theory on the literature and æsthetic facts rather than to reveal their essential character. Taine spent too much time on *causes*, too little on *characteristics*; he was content with *explanation*, and unfortunately chose not to pass on to *estimation*. The true critic remembers that "theory means preconception,"—preconception which, "based as it perforce is upon some former crystallization of the diverse and undulating

elements of artistic expression, is logically inapplicable at any given time—*except* as it draws its authority from examples of permanent value and enduring appeal, in which case no one would think of calling it preconception at all." This does not mean that criticism must become ancillary, concerned merely with collecting data for the synthesist. Sainte-Beuve's achievement is larger than Taine's—and "Sainte-Beuve's work is itself markedly synthetic" in its special way, although it dwells on material examples and concrete ideas rather than on systems and theories. Such criticism may find unity through a proper consideration of the author under judgment. "For personality is the most concrete and consistent entity imaginable, mysteriously unifying the most varied and complicated attributes."

"For beyond denial criticism is itself an art; and, as many of its most successful products have been entitled 'portraits,' sustains a closer analogy at its best with plastic portraiture than with such pursuits as history and philosophy, which seek system through science. One of Sainte-Beuve's studies is as definitely a portrait as one of Holbein's; and on the other hand a portrait by Sargent, for example, is only more obviously and not more really, a critical product than are the famous 'portraits' that have interpreted to us the generations of the great."

But the critic, if wise, will "confine himself to portraiture and eschew the panorama."

"His direct aim is truth even in dealing with beauty, forgetting which his criticism is menaced with transmutation into the kind of poetry that one 'drops into' rather than attains. . . . The end of our effort is a true estimate of the data encountered in the search for that beauty which from Plato to Keats has been virtually identified with truth, and the highest service of criticism is to secure that the true and the beautiful, and not the ugly and the false, may in wider and wider circles of appreciation be esteemed to be the good."

Many of Mr. Brownell's dicta—for example, that "faith *underlies* reason" and that "theory means preconception,"—tempt his reader to believe that when he speaks of "reason," to which he rightly attaches such a vast importance, he has the deductive method in mind most of the time. As far as the deductive method goes, we may well agree that the position of faith is to underlie reason,—to underlie it in the guise of a premise. But when we turn to the inductive method, may we not come nearer to precision by saying that since the inductive method never absolutely exhausts its data, the conclusion (now mingling perforce with some of our rigidly suppressed, nay completely forgotten, intuitions) is a kind of faith that comes as a climax *superimposed* upon the honest and



austere practice of rational investigation? Similarly, to the inductive reasoner, theory need not mean a preconception that will paralyze or even influence one's alertness for new facts and truths. An inductive critic may well begin with a childlike acceptance of the generalizations of his predecessor, examine the collected data, discover new instances (as a new age always permits him), and come at the end to his own theory,—a theory which is almost sure to modify if not reject the conclusions of the earlier critic. I do not mean to say that Mr. Brownell neglects the inductive method. But he appears to turn with the greater readiness to syllogisms. In seeking for the One amidst the welter of the Many, in his quest for eternal principles, he becomes rather diffident, and would force too severe limitations on criticism. You must not be wanton, he realizes, in urging premises on your readers. For this reason he distrusts the old critic, "the slave of schools"; and so he well may. Yet Mr. Brownell should turn again to the judgment of Dame Nature at the close of the great debate for supremacy between Jove and Mutabilitie, the awful arbiter of the One and the terrible and beautiful titanness who swayed the Many:

"I well consider all that ye have sayd,  
And find that all things stedfastnes doe hate  
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd,  
They are not changed from their first estate;  
But by their change their being doe dilate:  
And turning to themselves at length againe,  
Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate:  
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne,  
But they raigne over Change, and doe their states  
maintaine."

The critic of to-day may well expect to find intimations of the One in even the pedantic theories of a Bossu on epic. He should not, with Coleridge, turn too impatiently from these. He will find amidst the chaff of Bossu intimations of the One, here and there an eternal principle, an eternal being in thought which has been not destroyed but dilated by the commingling, for all the strife and qualifying, of many restless and diverse opinions of later decades. Mr. Brownell is non-committal about the rules. He appears ultimately to fall back upon the study and estimate of an individual as the only intimation of the One with which the critic can with absolute safety hope to deal. He warns the critic, for instance, against working with panorama. But this is just where Taine succeeded. Of individuals he made warped portraits. But his Rubens-like panoramic criticism has a large element of soundness, as well as of visual splendor, that has placed his "History of English Literature," for all its preconcep-

tions, among the greatest and most enduring memories of his century.

Finally, I cannot accept Mr. Brownell's sharp antithesis between the beautiful and the ugly, and his assertion that art is concerned only with the beautiful. Such generalizations, all too common, close the mind to many masterpieces, in all the arts, from men as far apart in time and place and nation as Rembrandt and Browning and (may I risk the name in such orthodox company?) Arnold Schoenberg in some of the most impressive parts of the second of his "Drei Klavier-Stuecke," Opus 11. I should think, rather, of the ugly and the lovely as antipodes, with the pretty as a debased version of the lovely and the grotesque as a whimsical variation, altogether admirable, of the ugly. I should add that the ugly contains often strength or firmness, massiveness or even sublimity, some quality or other lacking in the lovely. Therefore the ugly often appeals to us, partly because we see therein qualities which when wedded with the lovely make that beauty which seldom appears in life or art, and even then is as evanescent as some fleeting expression on the face of a beloved woman that is remembered long after death or evil chance has stolen away her whole image,—remembered as a benignant siren to lure us on that endless quest in which lies the supreme stimulus of profound and enduring joy-in-life.

HERBERT ELLSWORTH CORY.

#### A DEFENCE OF SOCIALISM.\*

In "Socialism as the Sociological Ideal" we are presented with one more of those visions of a purified society which have in the past served so useful a purpose in stimulating the imagination, and in keeping us alive to the vast imperfections of the economic structure of the world. It is at all times good to feel in touch with a genuinely altruistic spirit, based upon a divine discontent with things as they are, and the more so when it takes the form of what Mr. H. G. Wells calls "the white passion of statecraft." From the lowering atmosphere of the well-fed man to whom this is the best of all possible worlds, or the hardly less depressing company of the philanthropist whose highest ideal of society seems to be that of a community where one half of the people are constantly engaged in the endless task of holding the other half out of the gutter, it is a relief to turn to one who feels the fundamental wrongness in the present constitution of society and has some arguable remedy to offer. And when,

\* SOCIALISM AS THE SOCIOLOGICAL IDEAL. A Broader Basis for Socialism. By Floyd J. Melvin. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

as in the book before us, the philosophy of Socialism is expounded in a spirit of sweet reasonableness, and without a trace of that bitterness which mars so much of such writing, one is the more disposed to lend an attentive ear and to weigh carefully the arguments adduced. It might hastily be concluded that all that can be said in defence of Socialism has long ago been said; but against this contention it must be remembered that recent developments in the conduct of industry, taking place as they do at a constantly accelerating pace, make much that has formerly been written inapplicable and out-of-date; and that consequently a re-statement of the case for a socialistic reorganization of industry, in full view of present-day phases in the relationship between labor and capital, should be acceptable. It should also be said of this book, as cannot be affirmed of all such apologies for Socialism, that it is pervaded through and through by the higher idealism. It is the liberation of the human spirit from the fell clutch of circumstance that the writer obviously aspires to. Socialism is advocated because of the recognition that the higher life is conditioned on a sound physical and economic basis. In the author's own words, "Socialism is as wide as man's aspirations. Its aims must be those of our common humanity."

With this preliminary testimony, given in all sincerity, to the readableness and usefulness of the book as a provocative of thought, it remains to be said that it will be found unconvincing by the man whose mind is still open, and in our opinion will seem conclusive only to those whose judgments are already formed in the same direction.

In the first place, Dr. Melvin makes the mistake which characterizes the writings of most apostles of Socialism,—the mistake of assuming, what still requires proof, that Socialism is *necessary* before economic justice can prevail in society. The assumption is implicit, from beginning to end of the book, that in the original structure of human relationships there is an inherent wayward tendency for things to go awry, and that it is normal or natural in an unregulated condition of human intercourse, or mutual exchange of services, for wealth to distribute itself with no regard to fairness and equity. Now this is just the point as to which many earnest and intelligent thinkers are still in doubt. There still stubbornly lingers the subconscious suspicion that if we understood properly the basic natural laws which constitute the science of political economy, and conformed our actions to those laws, we should find that human affairs have not this perverse tendency to go wrong,

and that justice and not injustice is the natural outcome of free or unregulated effort, when undeflected by monopoly or special privilege. There persist the aspiration for more light, and that faith in the constitution of the universe, which find expression in the words of Milton, "What in me is dark, illumine; that to the height of this great argument I may assert Eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to man." It is surely, then, an apposite question to ask and answer, whether the eternal order of things is such that it should be necessary for man to suspend the operation of natural law, and set up instead a system of artificial law which shall work out results more in conformity with his moral sense than natural law will yield. When a physician is diagnosing the case of a patient whose blood circulation is weak, whose heart and lungs are functioning irregularly, and all of whose organs are working more or less inharmoniously with each other, he does not assume this disharmony to be normal but abnormal, and seeks to trace the disorder to one disturbing cause, believing as he must that in the absence of such a cause there would have been no occasion for his interference.

It is, we believe, because of the omission to make this preliminary inquiry that Dr. Melvin has fallen upon certain assumptions that seem to weaken or invalidate the superstructure of conclusions to which he invites us. The antithesis, for example, between society conceived of as an organism and as an organization, is somewhat arbitrary and artificial. Is it true, we may ask, that in an organism "all significant individuality is denied to the constituent parts"? Notwithstanding that the authority of Herbert Spencer may be quoted in support of this postulate, and which indeed Spencer advances only as a modifying consideration to his elaborate argument that society is an organism, we submit that in the light of recent psycho-physiological researches the postulate may be questioned, and it may well be doubted whether we are yet on the threshold of a true understanding of the nature of the organic cell. It is always unsafe to argue from ignorance; and it may be, as seems now probable, that we cannot deny to the individual cell an incipient consciousness analogous to the imperfect civic consciousness which is all that can be found in most of the members of a community. On the other hand, in what the process of organization can differ from the natural organic process, by which certain cells are specialized and set apart to do the thinking and directing, is not apparent. The opposition then, between the ideas of organism and organization, on which Dr. Mel-

vin appears to lay considerable weight, seems to lead nowhere in particular and to be of little value as an illuminative concept.

Out of this distrust of natural processes, Dr. Melvin has obviously fallen into the assumption that the confessedly artificial system of human relationships which Socialism would set up may be identified with democracy. Democracy is one of those concepts the full content of which will probably reveal itself to the human mind only after much experience and many strenuous efforts in the art of living; and it may be doubted whether we are yet within sight of its true significance. None of the modern catch-words of liberalism exhaust its deepest and most fundamental meanings. Mere majority-rule can surely never be mistaken for the last word in democracy? That fifty-one per cent should compel the other forty-nine into a certain way of living, may be expedient at a certain stage in the evolution of society, and be preferable to chaos, as the more reasonable of the minority may admit; but it is not democracy. Neither is "government of the people by the people and for the people" a full expression of democracy, so long as it takes no account of the man who wants neither to govern nor to be governed but simply to be let alone to earn his own living and live his own life, subject only to the condition that he does not infringe upon the similar liberty of others. A socialist organization, therefore, that is not voluntary to the last and most insignificant unit composing the group is not a democracy, whatever argument of expediency may be adduced in its favor.

To the same distrust of nature's methods, growing out of a very laudable revulsion from the Darwinian struggle-for-existence theory of life, we attribute Dr. Melvin's terror of competition, and his identification of it as the modern equivalent of exterminative warfare. In general it may be said that the mind with a pre-disposition towards Socialism has a rooted inability to imagine the current of competition running in an opposite direction from that which it now takes. At present we see laborers competing against each other for the permission of the capitalists that they may earn their livings; and we note the physical, moral, and aesthetic deterioration of character which results. But what if we conceive of a condition of things where capitalists should be competing with each other for the privilege of employing labor, and were compelled to offer higher and still higher remuneration, and better and still better conditions as to hours and protection from danger, as the only means of obtaining workers? That it should be difficult to imagine such a relationship between labor

and capital is only another instance of the tyranny of custom and tradition on our modes of thought. In the subconscious backgrounds of most open minds there persists the belief that in some discoverable condition of human freedom, such as we have never yet realized, this latter kind of competition would be the natural one. It is this unformulated belief that makes humane people defend labor-saving machinery, notwithstanding its very disastrous effects under present conditions in displacing workers and causing destitution. For we know instinctively that the invention of machinery ought to save labor in a true sense, and not in the cruel sense to which we are accustomed. And it is because we trust our instincts, and distrust our arguments, that we hesitate to prefer what Dr. Melvin calls "the superstructure of man's purposive creation" to "the basic unpurposive natural order which *seems* to ignore the harmonies demanded by man." (The italics are ours.)

As to the problem of distribution again, Dr. Melvin thinks that the ultimate educational ideal "can be set down as nothing less than to each according to his needs." But where shall we find the superman who is wise enough and good enough to determine the needs of each member of a community? "Needs" vary indefinitely in proportion to faculty. Nature, indeed, seems wisely to have decreed an exact relation between needs and the capacity for contributing to the communal stock of commodities and services. The man of small capacity for adding to the social wealth has few needs and desires, while the man of large capacity requires large supplies of leisure, books, scientific instruments, easy chairs, opportunities for travel, companionship, and many other aids to the full development of his faculties. Is one not justified in suspecting that under the free conditions we have tried to imagine (to the absence of which are probably due all the evils against which Socialism is directed) the apportionment "to each according to his needs" would take place with automatic and unerring accuracy?

If it does not savor of hyper-criticism we might remark that Dr. Melvin seems on page 17 to cut away the plank on which he rests his argument for the socialization of industry. In opposing political individualism he says:

"All prohibitive government is an enormity if it is less or more than a mere representation of the natural limitations arising from the mutually conflicting desires of its subjects. The socialist is affirming no new or undiscovered principle in opposing political individualism. Thus the socialist society as conceived by its advocates seeks to embody only those restrictions on the freedom of the individual that are naturally inevitable."



Does this not seem to point to just what Dr. Melvin repudiates, namely, the restriction of governmental function to that of preventing aggression of one citizen on another, or what Huxley described as "administrative nihilism" and some profane Spencerian critic called "a glorified police-office for the keeping of the peace"?

We conclude this imperfect review of a stimulating and suggestive book with the assurance that those who wish to know the best that can be said for a philosophy that has captured the sympathy and enthusiasm of thousands, will find here what they require.

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

#### TWO CANADIAN STATESMEN.\*

Just half a century ago there met in the city of Quebec a group of statesmen representing the principal colonies of British North America. They had come together to bring about the union of these colonies. After long deliberation they finally agreed upon the terms, and drafted a constitution which was ratified by each of the colonial legislatures, and finally, on July 1, 1867, passed by the imperial parliament as the British North America Act. The men who thus created out of a group of weak and scattered colonies a powerful and ambitious commonwealth have since been known to Canadians as the "Fathers of Confederation." They are represented to-day by a single survivor, the veteran statesman, Sir Charles Tupper, who in his ninety-third year has published a substantial volume of reminiscences, throwing a most interesting and valuable light upon the history of the confederation movement and the subsequent development of the Dominion.

Sir Charles Tupper first entered public life in 1855, in Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, having the assurance not only to run against the Liberal leader, Joseph Howe, but to defeat him. He became a member of the Nova Scotia government the following year, remaining until 1860. From 1864 to 1867 he was premier of the province. The latter year he was elected a member of the first Dominion parliament, but, although he had been largely instrumental in bringing about confederation, he unselfishly stepped aside when John A. Macdonald was forming his first cabinet, to make room for his old opponent, Joseph Howe. One finds in the "Recollections of Sixty Years" the confidential correspondence between Macdonald and Tupper as a result of which Howe, who had fiercely opposed the confederation

movement, was finally induced to enter the first Dominion cabinet. In 1870 Tupper joined the Macdonald ministry as president of the council, and in this and succeeding administrations he filled the important offices of Minister of Inland Revenue, Minister of Customs, Minister of Public Works, Minister of Railways and Canals, and Minister of Finance. From 1884 to 1887, and again between 1888 and 1896, he acted as High Commissioner for Canada in England, and for his services to the country he was created a baronet. In 1896, when the Conservative administration had fallen upon evil days, they sent for the old "War Horse of Cumberland," as he was called, to lead them in the approaching general election. In spite of his seventy-five years, the prospect of one more political battle was irresistible. He immediately resigned his high commissionership, came back to Canada as prime minister, and led his party gallantly in what he knew must be a losing fight. For several years he led the opposition in the House of Commons, and finally in 1906, at the age of 85, retired from active political life. For over half a century Sir Charles Tupper served his country faithfully. He has seen Canada grow from weakness to strength; with the possible exception of Sir John Macdonald, no other man has done more as a constructive statesman to make the Dominion what it is to-day.

Apart from the chapters of Sir Charles's book which deal more particularly with political events and movements, probably the most interesting portion is that which tells the story of his visit to the Red River Settlement in 1870 and his interview with the leader of the Half-Breed Rebellion, Louis Riel. Donald A. Smith (afterward Lord Strathcona) of the Hudson's Bay Company had told him that it would be as much as his life was worth to go to Fort Garry at that time, particularly as Riel and his followers knew the active part Tupper had taken in bringing about confederation, to which they assigned all their troubles. "I told him," says Tupper, "that I had promised Sir John A. Macdonald to get into Fort Garry, and that I intended to do so." And he did. Riel had seized the horses, wagons, and baggage of Captain Cameron, Tupper's son-in-law, who had been sent to Fort Garry in an official capacity, and Tupper, as soon as he reached the fort, made his way to the council chamber of the rebel chiefs and, after telling Riel who he was, demanded the restoration of Cameron's belongings. Riel was apparently so taken by surprise that he not only permitted Tupper to return in safety, but actually restored the spoils of war. The

\* RECOLLECTIONS OF SIXTY YEARS. By Sir Charles Tupper. Bart. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.  
CANADIAN ADDRESSSES. By George E. Foster. Toronto: Bell & Cockburn.



real object of the seemingly foolhardy visit was to get some idea of the situation at Fort Garry, and if possible to persuade the rebels that they were mad to defy the Dominion government, and could remedy their grievances by peaceful negotiation. Tupper realized at once that he could do nothing with Riel, but talked the matter over with Père Richot, one of his principal advisers. He found that the rebels were convinced that they could carry on a successful guerrilla warfare in the vast wilderness of the west, and that in the last resort they could annex the western country to the United States. He therefore had to leave them to their fate.

Packed with interesting and valuable material to the student of Canadian history, the book is distinctly disappointing as a piece of composition. The material was evidently put by Sir Charles Tupper into the hands of some one who either through incompetence or through indolence failed to realize his opportunity. As a result, what might have been an autobiography of the first importance is not much more than a scrap-book.

Sir George Foster's "Canadian Addresses" brings together for the first time a selection of the principal speeches and public addresses in recent years of the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, one of the ablest and most incisive speakers of the Dominion. Such topics are included as "Reciprocity with the United States," "The Imperial Conferences," "The Naval Policy," "Problems of Empire," "The Call of the State," and "Claims of the Nation on the Individual." In an introductory chapter, Sir George Foster gives us a rapid sketch of the Canada of to-day, from the point of view of one who is taking a leading part in the moulding of her destiny. Coming from such a source, the following is of more than passing interest:

"Canada has to face three problems—its own internal development, its attitude toward outside peoples in respect to settlement within its boundaries, and its relations to the Empire at large. As to the first, its policy has grown gradually, taken on year by year a firmer consistency, and may at the present time be considered as pretty definitely settled. It has gained, and will undoubtedly maintain, complete autonomy of government and administration. It is now and must continue to be practically supreme within its territorial boundaries. Government follows the line of a sane and reasonable democracy, tempered with the restraints and checks of its monarchical traditions. This latter does not greatly obtrude in forms, but it permeates with its influences and preserves from excess by its conservative tendencies. Manhood suffrage practically prevails, and woman suffrage is gradually emerging through the lesser gates of

the municipal to the crowning power of national exercise. The protective principle, never since Confederation entirely absent from fiscal legislation, became dominant in 1879, and has since so continued. Joined therewith later was the principle of preferential treatment of British Empire products, which now includes practically all the imperial possessions except Newfoundland and Australia. These will readily be included as soon as they find it possible to reciprocate in like degree. Protection is not high or oppressive, and is not likely ever to be raised beyond the point necessary to place Canadian producers in a position not to exclude, but to compete fairly with the nations more favoured by circumstances, skill and capital."

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

### THREE BOOKS ON SOUTH AMERICA.\*

During the last few years a marked change has taken place in the character of the numerous books annually written on South America. The single volume which attempts to describe the whole continent, or rather the fringe of coast line ordinarily visited by the hurried tourist, has given place to carefully prepared works dealing with separate countries or even with portions of these countries. Moreover, the critical reader is no longer satisfied with superficial generalizations, however cleverly put; he is justified in demanding that the writer not only evince a thorough knowledge of the region he is describing, but also be able to offer an adequate interpretation of those subtler phases of a nation's life included in the elusive term civilization. Especially is this true at the present time, when one of the unexpected results of the European war has been a quickened interest in all that relates to South America.

Among recent offerings in this field it is safe to say that none exceeds in interest and permanent value the scholarly monograph by Mr. Bailey Willis on Northern Patagonia. At the invitation of Dr. Ramos-Mexia, the progressive Argentine Minister of Public Works, Mr. Willis was placed in charge of the *Comisión de Estudios Hidrológicos* during the period from 1911 to 1913. This commission was entrusted with the important task of making an exhaustive topographic, geologic, and economic survey of the vast undeveloped and little known region of Northern Patagonia, an area approximately as large as the State of California and stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to the boundaries of Chile. The present

\* NORTHERN PATAGONIA. Its Character and Resources. Prepared under the direction of the Ministry of Public Works. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., with maps in separate volume. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LOWER AMAZON. By Algot Lange; with Introduction by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PERU: A LAND OF CONTRASTS. By Millicent Todd. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

monograph, in which are embodied the results of Mr. Willis's investigations, falls into two general divisions. The first is a detailed description of the pampas of Northern Patagonia. This region is generally regarded as a country of desert or steppe-like plains, but it is neither plain nor desert. Rather is it a region of semi-arid grassy plateaus, practically all of which is suitable for grazing and much of it adapted to agriculture through the use of dry farming or irrigation. It presents certain analogies to the western territory of the United States forty years ago. Thanks to the energy of the Minister of Public Works, a railroad is being pushed through this region from Port San Antonio on the Atlantic to Lake Nahuel Huapi at the base of the Andes. The districts tributary to this new transeontinental line — districts of enormous potential value — are described at length by Dr. Willis as regards soil, climate, rainfall, resources, and products. In the land where President Mitre's dictum, "to govern is to populate," still holds good the importance of Mr. Willis's investigation scarcely needs to be stressed.

Of greater interest to the general reader is the second part of the monograph, containing a detailed account of the wonderful Andean region of Northern Patagonia. Here is a corner of South America replete with surprises for even the most blasé and jaded of globe trotters. Countless majestic peaks, forest clad and crowned with snow, rise from the dark green waters of fjord-like lakes. This Andean lake region, so thoroughly and delightfully described by Mr. Willis, is one of the most remarkable in the world, whether we consider its extent, the solemn grandeur of its mountain scenery, or the number and beauty of its lakes. Of these latter there are several score which compare with the lakes of Switzerland and Italy, and several hundred which would be notable were they situated in the British Isles or in the United States, but in this little known section of South America they are unnamed and uncounted. The most beautiful as well as the most important of these lakes is thus described by Mr. Willis:

"Lago Nahuel Huapi, although not one of the largest of the Andean lakes, is as long as Lake Geneva, but in form it more nearly resembles the wide-branching Lake Lucerne. Nowhere are its shores for any distance so low or habitable as the northern shore of Lac Léman from Geneva to Montreux; nor is the expanse of waters so wide as that seen in the view from the hills above Lausanne. Only the east end of Nahuel Huapi lies wide open to the sun. The farther reaches of the lake and its spreading arms sink deep into the Cordillera; branching about islands or beyond promontories, they penetrate among the highest ranges. Neither the magnitude nor the beauty of the lake

can be grasped in the view from any one point. One must explore in launch or sailboat, sail in and out past woods and precipices, follow the dark-green waters around sharp turns into hidden bays, and linger there in the heart of nature's solitudes. The open lake is swept by fierce winds. The launch must be strong or the sailboat large and sturdy. Yet along the lake shores there are amphitheatres where the waters lie so deep beneath the high mountains that the calm of the mirror that reflects the overhanging trees is rarely broken. From such retreats the traveler may ascend through the jungles of graceful bamboo in the deep shade of the beech forest to the alpine meadows above tree line, or to the perpetual snows and glaciers of Mount Tronador."

It is gratifying to learn that the government is planning to reserve the most beautiful portion of this region as a great national park for the pleasure and welfare of the people. But Mr. Willis is at pains to point out that this fascinating corner of Argentina is destined to be more than the playground of the nation. The wild mountain torrents descending from the Andean glaciers hold out possibilities of almost unlimited industrial development. Careful investigation has convinced the author that the probable available energy which may be derived from these streams exceeds two million horsepower. When one considers that Argentina, with all her natural resources, is practically without coal the significance of these figures is apparent.

Too high praise cannot be bestowed on the large number of magnificent plates with which this monograph is illustrated. Never before has this Andean region been so adequately and artistically portrayed. A supplementary volume of maps, drawn on a large scale and designed to show not only the various physical features but also the resources of Northern Patagonia, greatly enhances the usefulness and scientific value of the monograph.

Mr. Algot Lange, the well known Brazilian explorer, has added another important work to the growing literature on Amazonia. "The Lower Amazon" is a very readable account of explorations in the more remote regions of the State of Pará, particularly the district drained by the lower Tocantins River. In a simple and straightforward way the author describes the daily life of the *caboclos*, or half-breed rubber-gatherers, and the manner in which the "black gold" of the Amazon Valley is collected and marketed; while his training as a student of natural history and botany has enabled him to bring the flora and fauna of the region vividly before the mind of the reader. Several chapters are devoted to an entertaining account of Mr. Lange's sojourn among a little-known tribe of Indians living some three hundred miles to the north of Pará. Of even greater

interest is the record of his archaeological investigations on the Island of Marajó in the delta of the Amazon. Mr. Lange was fortunate enough to discover an immense quantity of pottery, covered with delicate tracery and of remarkable freshness of color. Though he does not hazard any judgment as to the age of this pottery, he is inclined to believe that it is of comparatively recent date.

Probably the most valuable chapters of the book are those containing the author's observations on the population and general resources of the country. Mr. Lange attempts, frankly and fairly, to tell the truth about Amazonia. The picture he draws of the inhabitants of this region is not reassuring. Unfavorable climatic conditions, the exorbitant cost of living, unsuitable food, and wretched sanitation have in the opinion of the author seriously impaired the racial stamina of the North Brazilians. Moreover, the country at large is in a state of lamentable retrogression and universal poverty. Paradoxical as it may seem, this unhappy condition is due entirely to rubber. During a long period of inflated prices the inhabitants of Amazonia neglected all other sources of wealth; and now with the competition of the cheap plantation-grown rubber of the Orient, this good has indirectly turned to evil and left the people with no other means of subsistence. And yet, adds Mr. Lange:

"It will be the happiest, luckiest thing that can happen to Amazonia—in fact, the only thing that will prevent a complete relapse into total abandonment and barbarism, when the Orient captures the rubber market, because then Amazonia will be forced to wake up and prevent its people from starving to death; indeed this awakening is already beginning. Amazonia is learning its greatest lesson—that is, that it will have to work to cultivate its rich soil now that the mine of 'black gold'—rubber—is rapidly disappearing."

Mr. Lange dilates on the many resources of the country, for the most part still untouched and unexploited. Valuable cabinet woods, medicinal plants, tobacco, and a wide variety of fruits are among the products which may in course of time supplant rubber and make Amazonia one of the richest countries in the world. The book contains a wealth of excellent illustrations made from the author's own photographs. It is distinctly one of the best works on the Amazon Valley published in recent years.

In "Peru: A Land of Contrasts," Miss Millicent Todd has written a book vivacious in style and delightful in content. Peru, we are told, is a paradox. Any statement regarding this country "implies a contrary statement equally valid. Contrast is its characteristic quality, true as to the general aspects of the

country and ramifying through remote details. It is the obvious point of view from which to study Peru." This attitude of the writer is consistently maintained throughout the book. The people are set over against the country; the prosaic present is contrasted with the romantic past; the dreary desert with the icy highland, and both with the inhospitable jungle.

Those who are seeking concrete information or a detailed account of the Peru of the twentieth century may find Miss Todd's book somewhat disappointing; this despite the fact that it is the result of wide travel and patient investigation. It is lacking in explicitness of statement, and is quite innocent of statistics; moreover, the writer's fondness for paradoxes and antitheses tends to become a trifle palling. Yet for one in quest of the real spirit of Peru and her marvellous history the book is an open sesame. Miss Todd has intuitively caught the elusive charm of this land of the Incas and the Conquistadores, and in a series of wonderful word pictures has succeeded in communicating much of this charm to the reader. As an unusual book on an unusual country, the volume is to be heartily commended.

P. A. MARTIN.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

A map which accompanies Mr. Conrad's "Victory" is extremely interesting. It indicates the scenes of the author's long series of novels and shorter pieces, as well as the routes taken by the ships of his imagination. The globe is pretty well circled by these markings, and the geographical range of his inventions is something extraordinary. The scene of "Victory" is the Pacific island of Samburan, a little to the northwest of Samoa, and due east of the scene of the story of "Almayer's Folly," in which Mr. Conrad's marvellous gift for portraying the psychology of life in the tropics was first revealed. The new book is a characteristic Conrad tale, told with somewhat less of indirection than usual, and peopled with figures drawn from the flotsam and jetsam of humanity as found in the remote regions of the earth. A Swede named Heyst is the central figure, living upon an island which has been the scene of the operations of a collapsed coal company. He is something of a dreamer, and money-making is the least of his concerns. On a visit to Sourabaya (which may be in Borneo) he puts up at a hotel kept by a Ger-

\* VICTORY. An Island Tale. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

BLUE BLOOD AND RED. By Geoffrey Corson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE LADDER. The Story of a Casual Man. By Philip Curtiss. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LOST SHEEP. By Vere Shortt. New York: John Lane Co.



man ruffian named Schomberg, and there he is attracted by a girl violinist in the orchestra that provides entertainment for the disreputable frequenters of the resort. She is evidently unhappy, and Heyst soon learns that she is driven to desperation by Schomberg's odious advances, whereupon he helps her to make her escape, and takes her to his island home. Presently, two of the most precious villains that even Mr. Conrad has ever imagined arrive at the hotel, and Schomberg determines to make them the instruments of his malignant revenge. He stuffs them with tales of the Swede in his solitary island, and of the treasure which is probably hoarded there. The prospect looks good to them, and they start off on the piratical venture. Now in any conventional story of this description, the villains would be thwarted, and their proposed victims would come out triumphant. Since we have to deal with Mr. Conrad, it is all the other way about, and the story ends in a welter of tragedy which leaves none of the four alive. The enigmatic title of the romance is accounted for by the way in which the young woman meets the ordeal. Heyst has not been sure of her love, but at the tragic climax every doubt is swept from his mind, and the two die united in soul. The story is told with the author's grim strength, and has not a trace of the sentimental palaver with which a lesser writer would beslobber its tense situations. Has any man ever known, as this one knows, the soul of the human derelict?

Mr. Geoffrey Corson is a new writer, as far as our knowledge goes, and if "Blue Blood and Red" be indeed his first performance, it is a work of remarkable promise. In all the essentials of good fiction—an interesting story, creative characterization, and style—it is so far out of the ordinary as to stand as one of the half-dozen novels of the season's output that deserve to be reread and remembered. It is a story of purely private interest, with Staten Island for its scene, and with its chief figures taken from two contrasting elements of the local society—the aristocratic Carmichaels who live on the hill, and the plebeian McCoys who live on the shore. Patricia McCoy is the heroine, and Neal Carmichael the hero of her romantic dreams; these two are predestined for one another, although life becomes a complicated coil for both of them before the consummation of their union. Neal is engaged to Patricia early in the story, but the charms of Ada Fleming, a heartless aristocratic beauty, weaken his allegiance, and Patricia, realizing the situation, releases him from his bond. Nothing less than marriage with Ada, and living with her for some years, is effective in

destroying his infatuation, and making him realize the utter vanity and selfishness of her nature. Meanwhile, Patricia pledges herself to an admirer of her own class, who has long pursued her with dog-like devotion. Ada's renewal of her flirtation with the Englishman to whom she had once been engaged provides Neal with adequate grounds for divorcing her, after which he renews his relations with Patricia, and, in a moment of passion, seduces her—an episode which we wish had been spared us. This leads to Patricia's flight to hide her shame, to the birth of her child, to her eventual discovery by Neal in the place of her concealment, and to the marriage which should have taken place long before, and which is a true union of hearts. The plot has vivacity and dramatic action, blending seriousness with humor, and giving us the final feeling that we have been living in the company of real human beings all the time that we have been following its involutions. The narrative abounds in passages of great beauty, for the author's resources as a stylist are equal to every emergency, and respond to all the varied demands of his web of invention. The jaded reviewer, working his way through the loads of mediocre rubbish that clog the yearly output of fiction, does not often come upon so rich a prize as this admirable novel.

"La carrière ouverte aux talents" might be the motto of "The Ladder," by Mr. Philip Curtiss, as it is supposed, generally speaking, to be the watchword of life in this Land of Opportunity. Franklin Connor is, as the subtitle of the novel calls him, "a casual man." There is nothing outstanding in his character or ability, but he is an expert base-ball player, and this fact, after he runs away from Aunt Louise and domestic tyranny, stands him in such stead that the way is smoothed for him to go through college, although the honors he wins are anything but academic. Then he enlists as a soldier in the war with Spain, from which he emerges unscarred, but with an officer's rank, which in turn brings him political honors at the hands of a grateful commonwealth. So he climbs the social ladder, rung by rung, without any apparent effort, becomes engaged to the wrong girl and eventually marries the right one, and illustrates in his career the ease with which the average American of good physique and commonplace intelligence can overcome most of life's handicaps, and become a successful citizen of the republic. The story is typical of our social conditions, and for that very reason, without recourse to the sensational, and with only a sober and unimaginative method of narration, contrives to make itself interesting in a prosaic way, and to

impose its optimistic mood upon the reader. The only thing in the hero's career which strains credulity is the fact that he is made to write, "off the bat," and without any technical training whatsoever, a play which proves an immediate success, and places his material fortunes beyond the reach of envious fate.

The "Lost Sheep" of Mr. Vere Shortt's tale are the men of the French Foreign Legion. Jim Lingard, an Englishman who has squandered a fortune in riotous living, finds himself reduced to his last shilling, and enlists in the Legion as a desperate last resort. He has several years of adventurous service on the edge of the African desert, and barely escapes with his life from an uprising of the fanatical Senussi. The daughter of the rebel chief teaches him the meaning of romance, and the sacrifice of her life in saving him provides an element of poignant tragedy. The end of the story leaves Lingard, promoted for valor, quite satisfied with his career and evidently determined to remain an officer of the Legion until the inevitable end overtakes him. The value of this book, aside from its quality of picturesque adventure, lies in its minute description of the life of the Foreign Legion—a picture as different as possible from that given by "Ouida" and other lady-novelists of both sexes, and evidently based upon an intimate acquaintance with the facts. The style is dull, and the invention anything but remarkable, but somehow a considerable degree of interest is sustained. WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### NOTES ON NEW NOVELS.

Miss Fannie Caldwell Macaulay, who was known as Frances Little when she wrote "The Lady of the Decoration" and evidently prefers still to be called so, again adopts the Japan she knows so well for the scene of "The House of the Misty Star: A Romance of Youth and Hope and Love in Old Japan" (Century Co.). The narrative is told by an old American school-teacher long resident near a minor Japanese city, and its title is the name of her cottage. To her come a missionary blessed with a faith that circumstances justify wonderfully, a young man who had been so stricken with tropical fever that he imagined himself to be a criminal, and the daughter of a widowed native whose husband (the girl's father) was an American artist. Here is material for sentiment abundant and overflowing, and the author makes a great deal of it. The characters are drawn with a clearness that speaks well for Miss Little's literary future.

Pots and potters have been beloved of literature ever since the primeval discovery that they could lend so many apt figures of speech to the writer's tale, and there is no sign of the lessening of their popularity to that end. The latest novel by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, "Brunel's Tower" (Macmillan), is the story of an English master-potter who moulds

his work-people to his will quite as he moulds and shapes his vases and other wares. There comes to his factory a youthful fugitive from justice, in whom the master sees material for the making of a character valuable both to himself and to the world. The boy repays this kindness with single-minded devotion, even to the doing of wrong that his employer may profit. Reproved and driven out for his allowing the end to justify evil means, the lad comes to repay evil with good. While the tragic ending is not implicit in the story, all that precedes it is so ably written, and the background is so fully symbolic of the characters before it, that the book deserves high praise as a piece of literary artistry.

The mountain people of North Carolina among whom Mrs. Payne Erskine has lived so many years furnish a beautiful flower-like creature for the protagonist of "A Girl of the Blue Ridge" (Little, Brown & Co.), whose development from a wild and primitive savagery to beautiful wifehood and motherhood is the theme of a good story. Lury Bab, at the opening of the tale, is as wild and as beautiful in her youth as a rhododendron blossom, the child of a lovely and self-sacrificing mother and a father who lives by distilling illicit whiskey. Orphaned at the beginning of the book, she gives her love to a young man who is wrongfully accused of her father's murder. Benevolent sisters from the North come to live near by, and under their care she develops to fine things. It is a story of skilfully contrived plot and incident, written out of full knowledge.

By a somewhat strained coincidence the daughter by adoption of a New York multimillionaire and a popular novelist find themselves teaching in the same school in Pennsylvania. She is seeking an independent career outside the fashionable world for herself; he is after material for a new American novel. This is the basis for "Martha of the Mennonite Country" (Doubleday), the latest of Mrs. Helen R. Martin's novels dealing with an exotic civilization in the heart of one of the original colonies. The heroine of the story, however, is not the rich girl from the metropolis, but a sadly oppressed young woman, worked to death by a hateful stepmother. It is with this last disagreeable person that the novelist-teacher boards, and it is between the stepdaughter and him that the romance of the book works out,—though the rich girl, after the manner of rich girls, does not go neglected.

With something of the invincible spirit of her own Miss Abigail, Miss Dorothy Canfield brings her literary gifts to the celebration of the small town in the book which she calls "Hillsboro People" (Holt). To that end she marshals no fewer than eighteen incidents and episodes and essays, reinforced by several poems on Vermont by Mrs. Sarah N. Cleghorn. The full flavor of New England is in them all, leaving the city dweller with a sense of impatience that he is denied intercourse with men and women, boys and girls, of so much personality and character. Most of us are only a generation or two removed from much such a life as is here painted in delicate colors, and the zest of it is still in our minds. This is an excellent collection of American stories.

Among recent novels which leave one the better at heart for having read them, "Contrary Mary" (Penn Publishing Co.), by Miss Temple Bailey, deserves honorable mention. The heroine is a young woman of ideas and determination, who is not afraid of admiring men for their manly qualities. Her family fortunes are at a low ebb—so low that she welcomes into her household a widowed clerk in government employment who has lost heart in his struggle with the world. How she brings him to a realization of the need for fighting honorably for his real place among men, rejecting a most eligible suitor meanwhile, makes excellent reading. The scene is laid in Washington, with politics far in the background.

Miss Alice Gerstenberg's novel, "The Conscience of Sarah Platt" (McClurg), is redolent of feminism and modern problems arising between the sexes—so much so that it rather ceases to be a novel at times. It is the story of a timid woman who failed to gain the man she loved in youth, only to meet him and give him her heart when he returned to her, an ill-mated husband, twenty-five years later. Tragedy, when the conscience is developed, is inherent in the situation. The narrative is open to a lawyer's charge of multifariousness, and its material is imperfectly assimilated. But it holds out abundant promise for future success.

It was hardly to be expected that the reader should be thrilled by "Allan and the Holy Flower" (Longmans) as he was years ago by Mr. H. Rider Haggard's early tales of Africa and Allan Quatermain. But nevertheless, this latest story of adventure shows no diminution of imagination. Interest here centres about a wonderful orchid, the father of all orchids, which is worshipped by a dwindling African tribe as a god. The story of how it was won through events teeming with peril, how it was lost in the moment of seeming success, and how the loss was eventually made good, makes an exciting tale.

Taking the final campaign before Napoleon's exile to Elba and that following his return down through Waterloo, the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady makes a vivid and stirring romance, "The Eagle of the Empire" (Doran), which is in keeping with the events of the age. The hero is an officer of the Fifth of the Line, the heroine a daughter of the noble house he and his family have served through generations. Young Marteau saves her from worse than death, to find a rival in a young English soldier of station. The romance threads the historical events with considerable skill, and the result is a story fully absorbing and workmanlike.

A sequel to "Uncle Terry" has been written by Mr. Charles Clark Munn and called "The Heart of Uncle Terry" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.). The discovery of a pocket of tourmalines on the property of the old lighthouseman brings success to a young man, deprived of most of his heritage by his step-mother, and lends interest to the winning of the old fellow's adopted daughter. It is a homely tale of New England, with the Yankee's desire to get the better of somebody rather too strongly insisted upon.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The poet's  
California.*

Artists have painted the Golden State, naturalists have described the wonders of her mountains and forests, historians have wrought out the tales of her padres and argonauts, enterprising boomers have flooded the marts of the continent with glowing accounts of her fertility and her charms; but it has remained for the poet really to portray her inner secrets. This is accomplished by Mr. Edwin Markham, in his "California the Wonderful" (Hearst Co.). It is no new tale of heroic endeavor or unflagging enterprise, no revelation of hitherto undiscovered resources, no unfrequented vista explored for the first time; but rather, that greatest of all revelations, a human document portraying the subtle, conquering, compelling charm which California exerts over her adopted sons. Mr. Markham's book lives up to its sub-title,— "her romantic history, her picturesque people, her wild shores, her desert mystery, her valley loveliness, her mountain glory, including her varied resources, her commercial greatness, her intellectual achievements, her expanding hopes, with glimpses of Oregon and Washington, her northern neighbors." The work is very comprehensive; Mr. Markham deals with the whole of the great state,—not the south-land only, as do many tourist writers; he goes far back into the gray antiquity of the creative fates for the drama of the "vast inframundane activity" which gave birth to the Sierras and the Mother Lode. He traces the entrance of the Spaniard, and the inauguration of his scheme of Divine Practicalism to redeem the slothful and backward Indian from damnation and degeneracy. He relates the mad rush of gold-seekers which forever wiped "mañana" from the calendar, put the gringo in the saddle of the Spanish cavalier, and ended the pastoral era. His accounts of the overland trail and of the days of '49 are particularly vivid and realistic, for his own boyhood days were a part of that great drama. The same intimate contact with the California of yesterday and to-day is revealed in his pages recounting the rapidly changing development of her industries and agriculture, the transformation of untilled ranch into the orchard watered by mountain snows, the marvellously successful growth of coöperative enterprise, the redemption of the desert, the story of alfalfa, and the welding into one people of the most cosmopolitan group of American citizens. The author is at his best in his poetic but pithy description of the gray-draped city of St. Francis,—a city which "has an individuality, a glamour that has stirred the imagination of the world, the ultimate outpost of the passion of progress." The book is



unique also in its comprehensive and critical estimate of intellectual California, in the galaxy of which the author himself is no minor luminary. The poetic turns, the vivid and illuminating imagery of the language, and the flowing rhythm of these pages are a worthy tribute to the beauty and romance of California.

*Charter making  
for American  
municipalities.*

In his "Municipal Charters: A Discussion of the Essentials of a City Charter, with Forms or Models for Adoption" (Harvard University Press), Mr. Nathan Matthews has provided framers of municipal constitutions and students of municipal government with a convenient and practical handbook of charter making. The author is an ex-mayor of Boston, past chairman of the Boston Finance Commission, and lecturer on municipal government in Harvard University. There are few men in the United States whose knowledge of the theory of municipal government is so abundantly supplemented and tempered by prolonged experience in city administration. The principal thesis of Mr. Matthews's book, namely, that municipal charters in the United States are, as a rule, poorly drawn, and that good government in a city presupposes a charter of proper proportions and precision, is not difficult to maintain. The tendency has been very general to overload charters with details, although the principal defect in some instances is rather the lack of detail. Disproportionate space is often given to certain subjects, and more recent charters exhibit especially the fault of over-emphasis upon political machinery, while administrative methods receive inadequate attention. There is too much hasty re-enactment and copying of the provisions of earlier charters, or of the charters of other cities, whereby defects as well as virtues are perpetuated and spread. There is little uniformity of language or arrangement, and there is commonly an unnecessary amount of repetition. The two principles, chiefly, which it is insisted should govern in the making of city charters are (1) that all matters which affect citizens of the State as such, rather than as members of a particular city, should be left to be controlled through general legislation, rather than in the city charter; and (2) that the political features of a charter should not be permitted to overshadow, or imperil the operation of, the more important provisions relating to the administration of the city business. Hundreds of city charters, it is affirmed, have brought disappointment to their authors because their administrative provisions have been inadequate. "Simplicity of political structure,

accompanied by thoroughness in the administrative details, must be the basis of charter reform." The volume closes with full drafts of city charters of two leading kinds, namely, the responsible executive type and the commission type.

*The future  
granary of  
the world.*

The latent and as yet scarcely developed resources of Russia's great Hinterland challenge the interest of the reader of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's "Through Siberia: The Land of the Future" (Stokes), and lead him to speculate as to the possibilities of the influence of this storehouse of food for the civilized world when once transportation shall flood the markets of the continent with its meat, fish, and grain. Already 140,000 tons of Siberian butter go annually to London and Paris. The aim of Dr. Nansen's tour across the Kara Sea and up the Yenesei was to test out the possibility of a steamship route in midsummer which would connect with river steamers on the Yenesei and thus afford an outlet to the markets of Europe for the produce of Siberian farms. Russian colonization in Siberia since the Russo-Japanese War has been fostered by the Government, and has grown so rapidly that the question of transportation and markets is pressing for solution. The author advocates scientific surveys of the adjacent Arctic waters, the extension of the wireless services, and the use of aeroplanes to give prompt information of the opening of navigation, and of the location of ice lanes for the guidance of mariners who will use this sea route from Europe to the estuaries of the Obi and Yenesei,—a route little used but long known to hardy Norse skippers. He continued his journey along the Trans-Siberian Railway to the Pacific at Vladivostok, returning through the new Russian line in the Amur country. His book thus gives a bird's-eye view of "this boundless land, mighty as the ocean itself, with its infinite plains and mountains, its frozen Arctic coast, its free and desolate tundra, its deep, mysterious taiga, from the Ural to the Pacific, its grass grown rolling steppes, its purple wooded hills, and its little scattered patches of human life." The agricultural and mining possibilities, the political and social problems, the economic and industrial aspects of Siberia are here summed up by a trained scientific mind keenly alert to the significance of the passing landscape, the mushroom towns of the changing frontier, and the invading yellow hordes of Koreans and Chinese increasing in the East, from sixteen to twenty-four per cent of total population in less than four years. The

author has no fear that the colonization of this inland empire will lead to the deterioration of the Russian stock, as it did to that of Rome and Spain and now threatens that of Great Britain. The contiguity of the land, the great mass of the Russian population, and the easy transfer of the Russian culture intact to these new lands all seem to insure the integrity of the Russian nation and people in this expansion to the East. Her mission here is, so this veteran explorer believes, to be the bulwark of Europe against the "Yellow Peril." Maps and a large number of excellent illustrations from photographs make even more real this illuminating picture of this future granary of the world.

*An iconoclastic study of Lowell as a critic.*

It is difficult to understand the intellectual temper of a student of literature who devotes an entire volume to showing the deficiencies of an author; it is more difficult still when he bases his attack on the denial of qualities which perhaps no discriminating reader ever imagined the author possessed. Yet this is what Dr. Joseph J. Reilly has done in "James Russell Lowell as a Critic" (Putnam). It is true that Lowell, after his enthusiastic recognition in England, was sometimes over-praised, and sometimes praised for the wrong things. But his greatest admirers have always been those who felt the charm of his personality, and who read his critical essays as the personal comments of one who knew literature and knew life, and who was above all a charming and high-souled man. It needs no elaborate series of citations to inform these readers that the essays are often whimsical, discursive, and rambling, or that they abound in contradictions arising from the approach to a subject from different angles, or from the discussion of the same subject in different moods. In Lowell's life-time, indeed, these contradictions troubled critics to whom consistency was a hobgoblin, and several of those emphasized by Dr. Reilly are found in Wilkinson's list published more than forty years ago. Nor will the most grateful readers of Lowell deny Dr. Reilly's other chief theses—that "his taste was intuitive," that "he lacked philosophical depth of mind," and that he did not evolve a critical method like that of Arnold and Sainte-Beuve. Dr. Reilly cites passages to show that Lowell himself was fully aware of most or all of these limitations. The conclusion that Lowell was not a critic begs the question with a definition, and can only mean that Lowell was not a sort of critic that he never claimed to be and that his closest readers never imagined him to be. The book is, throughout, un-

sympathetic in tone, and sometimes seems unfair in its interpretation of Lowell's personality; but the author takes such evident joy in demolishing his man of straw that not even Lowell's most enthusiastic friends could grudge him the pleasure.

*The pilot of Britain's war destinies.*

The first few pages of Mr. Harold Begbie's little book on "Kitchener, Organizer of Victory" (Houghton) may lead the reader to conclude that it is merely a piece of laudatory writing with no substance or value as a biography. In part this is true: Mr. Begbie's book is in no sense a biography, it is a mere sketch of Kitchener's career, written apparently for the purpose of accounting for the great faith that Englishmen seem to have in the present occupant of the war-office. The sketch is not very laudatory, however, and the praise that Mr. Begbie does award his hero is of such a character that even a modest man like Lord Kitchener is not likely to be pleased with it. The author describes his hero as a slow, heavy, somewhat dull man, with great talents as an administrator, but otherwise not possessed of striking abilities. "Kitchener is by no means, for instance, a great general. Again, his statesmanship has never advanced out of gun range, because it is entirely without the genius that trusts humanity. In consequence he is something of a bungler, something of a blunderer." The general's present position is due to what Mr. Begbie calls the "Kitchener legend," to which he devotes a chapter. The Kitchener legend, he tells us, grew out of the work of a brilliant newspaper correspondent, who in a London paper "described the famous march to Khartoum, filling the grey commercial atmosphere of London with the rich colours of the East, with the exciting adventure of war, and with the still more exciting sensation of anxiety." It seems to be Mr. Begbie's opinion that this legendary character is far more useful in the present crisis than the real Kitchener, as it gives the English public the confidence in the government that is needed above everything else. The volume is illustrated with eight photographs of Lord Kitchener taken at various periods of life and in various costumes, civil, military, Oriental, and academic.

*Old and new religions in modern India.*

The subject of the Hartford-Lamson lectures for 1913 was "Modern Religious Movements in India," and the lecturer was Mr. J. N. Farquhar, M.A., who had been a worker in India for more than twenty years. He gave eight addresses, which have been carefully edited

and are now available in book form (Macmillan). Fortunately, Mr. Farquhar has not only had a varied and valuable experience in the land about which he writes, but also brings to bear sound methods of investigation and presentation, with the natural result that he has given us a thoughtful and useful volume. After a brief but serviceable historical outline, he enters upon a discussion of the "Movements Favoring Vigorous Reform," such as the Brahma Samaj. Then he turns to "Reform Checked by Defence of the Old Faiths," and under this general caption he writes about the Arya Samaj, the Vedic Mission, and nine similar movements. In the fourth chapter he treats of the "Full Defence of the Old Religions," with such subdivisions as Sectarian Movements in Hinduism, the Parsees, Sectarian Universities, and so forth. However, for most readers the two most attractive and suggestive chapters will prove to be those on "Religious Nationalism" and "Social Reform and Service," not because they are more carefully written than the others, but from the nature of their subjects. In these sections, and indeed in all, Mr. Farquhar insists that there has been a steady advance of the old faiths, and that all the reformation and revivification has been due essentially to Christianity: "While the shaping forces here have been many, *Christianity has ruled the development throughout.*" (Italics in the text.) Naturally this is a large question, which we may not discuss; but it assuredly is one that every student of world history must find absorbingly interesting. We have just one serious complaint against our author, and that is for wasting so many pages on his circumstantial exposure of the frauds of Madame Blavatsky and some of the other Theosophists. Of course his arraignment is most convincing; but these vapid iniquities needed no further flaying for the class of readers to whom the present volume will appeal, and the space thus squandered might have been utilized for a more extended treatment of the "Servants of India Society," for instance, or half a dozen other interesting and significant topics. The illustrations, chiefly portraits, are excellent.

*The story of  
Belgium's  
martyrdom.*

Dr. Charles Sarolea, who has for twelve years been Belgian consul in Edinburgh, has written movingly of the martyrdom of his native land in a book entitled, "How Belgium Saved Europe" (Lippincott). Americans, to whom the German invasion of that busy and contented land is the great unforgettable and unforgivable fact of the war, will read with absorbed interest this plain unvarnished tale which

needs neither exaggeration nor rhetoric to bring it home to men's bosoms. The author writes with restraint, though his indignation at times comes close to the surface. Having been himself an eye-witness of the first four weeks of the war, he is able to describe vividly those momentous operations around Liège, Malines, and Namur which had such a far-reaching effect on the whole Western campaign. It is his profound conviction that Belgium has fought in defence not only of her own independence but also of the liberties of Europe and the sanctity of international law. In strict honor she was not bound to resist to the bitter end. After the first defence had been broken down, she might well have concluded an armistice with the enemy and thereby have tried to save herself from the horrors of a German occupation. In so doing she would have fulfilled her treaty obligations and have satisfied the dictates of honor. But with a lofty political idealism and a touch of that mystical temper which we see in her great writers Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, she chose to lay down her life for her friends. She did not even complain when the Allies failed to come to her aid in time. Dr. Sarolea is fully cognizant now of the reasons for that failure,—the lack of preparation and the French tactical blunder in attempting a premature thrust in Alsace; but he points out that at the time the delay not only made the Belgians heart-sick with deferred hope but also seriously upset their military plans. The author himself witnessed certain German atrocities, which he describes without comment, preferring to dwell on officially authorized instances of terrorism, such as the destruction of Louvain and Dinant.

*A satire and some  
one-act plays by  
Mr. Jones.*

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the veteran English playwright, has commemorated his last winter's visit to the United States by the publication of three one-act plays and a burlesque narrative, in a volume called "The Theatre of Ideas" (Doran). The little dramas have all the ready cleverness of technique that Mr. Jones's long practical experience with the stage has perfected. Their reader will not expect or find in them much stimulus in the way of thought, or much revelation of new methods in character study (although in the brief Cornish tragedy, "Grace Mary," there is real human feeling beneath the banal story); their author has lived through his experimental period, and shows himself here as an accomplished craftsman rather than as an unwearied and growing artist. Indeed, in the burlesque which gives the book its title, he reveals himself quite definitely and intention-



ally as the good-naturedly cynical foe of the intensely self-conscious younger school of dramatists who study parliamentary Blue-Books to find material for their plays and who seem to Mr. Jones to be merely rocking energetically back and forth on a hobby Pegasus and hacking wildly with blunt wooden swords at whatever ancient convention or human tradition comes within reach of their arms. Universal suffrage, universal peace, universal panaceas of all sorts, he mocks in a serio-comic style, so much heavier than witty in its general effect that it hardly prepares one for the swift concluding explosion that wrecks the Theatre of Ideas, the School attached to it, and all its votaries. The ridicule is neither bitter nor pointed enough to leave a sting; its neutral tone is perhaps but the inevitable reflection of the American atmosphere in which Mr. Jones conceived and wrote it as a half-jesting expression of some of the follies he hopes to see destroyed by the Great War.

*Studies in  
Canadian politics  
and education.*

The volume of "Canadian Essays and Addresses" (Longmans), by Principal Peterson of McGill University, Montreal, is divided into two broad sections: the first dealing with Canada's external relations, and the second devoted to educational questions. The addresses on Imperialism, Canada's Naval Policy, her relations with the rest of the Empire, and with the United States, have an immediate interest in this period of world-wide upheaval. Principal Peterson is an Imperialist, but not in any narrow sense. The federation of the British Empire he looks forward to is one that will make for mutual understanding and helpfulness among its scattered members, without the sacrifice of any essential principles of self-government. No intelligent onlooker can very well doubt that one of the better products of this disastrous war will be a readjustment of the relations between Canada and the other self-governing Dominions and the Mother Land. The part Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are taking in the war, and the significant utterances of responsible statesmen both in England and in the Overseas Dominions, make it clear that some means will be found of giving the outlying portions of the British Empire a voice in all questions of foreign policy, and all matters affecting the Empire as a whole. In the second division of his book, Dr. Peterson discusses, from the point of view of a broad-minded and experienced educationalist, such vital questions as "National Education," "The Place of the University in the Commercial City," "Education and Business," and the "Claims of Classical Studies in Modern Education."

*A rolling stone  
that gathered  
much moss.*

Autobiography anonymously written brings up some curious questions of psychology. The author must feel that his career is interesting to the general public, or he would not describe it; yet he seeks to avoid the fame his book might bring him, perhaps for the sake of greater freedom in telling the story of his life. "Getting a Wrong Start" (Macmillan) first appeared as a serial in the most popular of American weeklies a year ago. Then, as now, the author's name was not disclosed. But there is manifestly only one American writer whose life fits into the facts here revealed. That writer is Mr. Emerson Hough, whose biography in "Who's Who in America" checks up in detail with the present book. The title of the volume indicates that the writer believes himself to have begun life badly. The reader may differ from him with abundant justification. He tried a number of things, in our national manner, before he discovered his fitness for authorship,—law and journalism among them. In this way he served his apprenticeship, working hard and intelligently. When he came to the age of forty he wrote his first fiction. Since that time—and he is now in his fifty-eighth year—his success has been marked; so marked indeed, that what he regards as a warning may well serve as an example. Especially interesting is his account of his marriage and wedded life; this, too, seems to justify the wisdom of arriving at full maturity before plunging.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

Two volumes recently added to the "Handy Volume Classics" (Crowell) are "The Twelve Best Tales by English Writers," selected by Mr. Adam L. Gowans, and "The Best English and Scottish Ballads," selected by Mr. Edward A. Bryant. In both volumes the selections are discriminating; and the titles are useful additions to a convenient and inexpensive series.

For the busy teacher or mother, Dr. William Byron Forbush's "Manual of Play" (Jacobs) contains many practical suggestions for free play among children which will prove stimulating and helpful. Complete directions for a large number of games are included. Throughout the volume runs a note of faith in the value of keeping alive the play-spirit among the adults to whom is entrusted the guidance of the child.

Mr. H. Addington Bruce has put together a series of detached and superficial essays under the irrelevant title of "Psychology and Parenthood" (Dodd). Skimming along the "popular" waves of interest in defective or precocious children, in hysteria and fear, in theories of laughter, of the subconscious, and of the genesis of genius, the book is made by culling the most sensational aspects of the

unusual cases. It contains material useful and useless, correct and false, pertinent and impertinent; it is uncritical in treatment and weak in motive. Such books may do some good by stimulating interest and more harm by satisfying it.

In "Discoveries and Inventions of the Twentieth Century" (Dutton), Mr. Edward Cressy has prepared a useful companion volume to Routledge's popular manual covering the same field for the preceding century. So rapid has been the increase of scientific activity that considerations of space have led Mr. Cressy to modify in part the plan of the original and to select for his non-technical discussions only the characteristic results of inventive enterprise during the last twenty-five years. While the book is adapted to the needs of the many rather than of the specialist, the author, with judicious discrimination, has given to each topic a far more comprehensive account than is usually found in handbooks prepared for the "average man."

In "The True Ulysses S. Grant" (Lippincott), General Charles King has undertaken to digest for the general reader the enormous amount of biographical literature devoted to the career of General Grant. The result is a very well-written biography, in which the narrative of military affairs is related in untechnical fashion and is wisely subordinated to the account of Grant's life taken as a whole. Throughout the book there runs a frank hero-worship, for which the critical reader must make kindly allowance. Especially will this consideration be demanded in that brief part of the work which treats of Grant's two terms as President, and in the chapter which tells of his relations with Andrew Johnson. The plan of the series in which the volume appears permits no footnotes, and there is no attempt at a bibliography; but there is a good index, and the work is well illustrated.

The perplexing allusion, such as one so often encounters in Lowell's learned page or Matthew Arnold's polished essay, will always be with us, or at least until writers choose to make their style as bald and unattractive as that of a textbook on arithmetic or geography. Hence the need of such books as Miss Florence M. Hopkins's "Allusions, Words, and Phrases that Should be Known, and Where to Find Them," a revised and improved edition of her earlier "Allusions Which Every High School Student Should Know." Nearly fifty pages of not uncommon though not too obvious allusions, with indications of easily accessible sources of information concerning them, have been carefully prepared, and each printed page is faced by a blank one for additional entries on the student's part. It is encouraging to learn from the author that she has been induced by the reception of her former work to prepare this second and more maturely considered treatise in the same field. Our younger writers betray their rawness (if that be not too harsh a term) in nothing so much as the thinness, the poverty, the unallusiveness of their style. Miss Hopkins is librarian of the Detroit Central High School, and her book may be had of the Willard Company, of that city. She has in preparation a work on "Reference Guides That Should be Known."

#### NOTES.

Mr. Frank Harris's "Contemporary Portraits" will be published next month by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley.

A play by Mr. Louis J. Block, entitled "The Judge," is soon to be published by The Gorham Press of Boston.

"Michael O'Halloran" is the title of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's new novel which will be issued in August by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A new edition of M. Maeterlinck's "Three Little Dramas for Marionettes" is promised for early publication. The volume has been out of print for several years.

Sir Gilbert Parker has completed his book on the making and conduct of the war, and it will probably be ready next month under the title of "The World in the Crucible."

Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland's new work, "The Consort of Music: A Study of Interpretation and Ensemble," will be published by the Oxford University Press in a few weeks.

"The Dawn," a play by the Belgian poet M. Emile Verhaeren, will appear this month in a special edition from the press of Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. The volume will contain an introduction by Mr. Arthur Symonds.

Among the May publications of Messrs. Doran are "The Invisible Event," the concluding volume of the Jacob Stahl trilogy by Mr. J. D. Beresford, "The Rat-pit," by Mr. Patrick MacGill, and "The Lie," a one-act play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

Something of the warm attachment that existed between the two highly gifted brothers, Sidney and Clifford A. Lanier, is said to be revealed in a volume of verse by the latter, which will be published under the title of "Sonnets to Sidney Lanier, and Other Lyrics."

As a result of the welcome which M. Artzibashev's novel "Sanine" has received in this country, Mr. B. W. Huebsch has arranged to bring out all of this author's fiction. The next volume to appear will be "The Millionaire," containing one short and two long stories.

The sixth volume of the illustrated edition of Macaulay's "History of England," which Messrs. Macmillan will have ready this month, completes a work which has been appearing quarterly under the editorship of Professor C. H. Firth since November, 1913.

It is impossible to foresee the influence of the great war on English literature in the future. Some of the precedents are dealt with by Professor E. de Sélinecourt in a volume of lectures about to be published by the Oxford University Press under the title of "English Poets and the National Ideal."

Mr. Balfour's Gifford lectures on "Theism and Humanity" will be ready for publication shortly. Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton received the complete manuscript from Mr. Balfour a short time ago, and they anticipate that even in these stirring times the book will give rise to a good deal of discussion.

Immediately forthcoming volumes in the "Home University Library" are: "Belgium," by Mr. R. C. K. Ensor; "A History of Philosophy," by Mr. Clement C. J. Webb; "Political Thought: From Herbert Spencer to the Present Day," by Mr. Ernest Baker; "Milton," by Mr. John Bailey; and "The Negro," by Mr. W. E. B. Du Bois.

Two noteworthy volumes of impressions and experiences of the European war are soon to be published in Mr. Will Irwin's "Men, Women, and War" and Mr. Frederick Palmer's "Personal Phases of the War." Mr. Irwin started for the war three days after it broke out, returning in November to organize the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

More than two hundred confidential military dispatches to President Jefferson Davis from General Robert E. Lee, which historians feared were hopelessly lost but which have been brought to light by Mr. Wymberley Jones De Renne of Georgia, are to be issued this month by Messrs. Putnam. The volume is edited by Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell's book on lithography, soon to be published, contains chapters on the history of the art by Mrs. Pennell, together with a description and technical explanations of modern artistic methods by Mr. Pennell, and is elaborately illustrated. The historical portion of the book is founded upon the volume by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell issued in 1898, and long out of print, but the book is new though based upon the old.

A critical edition of "The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick," edited by Dr. F. W. Moorman, will shortly be added to the "Oxford English Texts" series. In the present edition Dr. Moorman has been able to use the copy of "Hesperides" in the possession of Mr. G. C. Macaulay, which gives the text as revised by the poet in the printing office. Those poems by Herrick are also included which do not find a place in the 1648 volume.

The need of fire-proof structures for valuable libraries received another lamentable illustration on the 26th of last month, when a lively blaze in the basement of the St. Paul Public Library caused the ruin, as is reported, of the large collection of books (100,000 volumes, valued at \$150,000) sheltered by that building. Water, more than fire, did the actual damage, as is so often the case in similar instances. The total loss to the city is estimated at \$300,000.

In a prefatory note to his forthcoming English edition of Dr. Sven Hedin's "With the German Armies in the West," Mr. John Lane replies to his critics and states his reasons for publishing the work in England. The book, which is expected shortly, has already been parodied by Mr. E. V. Lucas in a little book entitled "In Gentlest Germany," with illustrations by Mr. George Morrow. This will appear shortly after the publication of Sven Hedin's volume.

Three forthcoming publications of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. not previously announced are "Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands," a compilation by Clara Endicott Sears of all the writings on the

subject of Bronson Alcott's community at Fruitlands; "Whither?" the anonymous essay which attracted wide and earnest comment when it appeared in the March number of the "Atlantic"; and "Naval Occasions," by "Bartimeus," presenting a series of vivid pictures of the life at sea of the officers and men of the British navy.

Literary workers and peace advocates will be interested in a prize contest instituted by the Christian Women's Peace Movement, which enlists women of all denominations and claims a constituency of four millions. A prize of one hundred dollars is offered for a short story, not to exceed four thousand words in length, setting forth Christian ideals of peace. The manuscript should be typewritten on one side of the sheet only, and must be in hand not later than June 15. Competitors should address the Christian Women's Peace Movement, 705 Ford Building, Boston, enclosing stamps for return of their manuscripts if found unavailable.

In a forthcoming book entitled "Shelley in England," Mr. Roger Ingpen utilizes information revealed since the publication of Professor Dowden's biography of the poet as to Shelley's early life. More especially has the author availed himself of a mass of unpublished matter recently disclosed relating to the poet and his family, including twenty-six new letters of Shelley. The volume contains a transcript of Shelley's manuscript note-book, which, water-stained and tattered, was recovered from the "Ariel," the boat in which he met his death. The illustrations include some family and other portraits reproduced for the first time, as well as facsimiles from the manuscript note-book.

Some unpublished letters of Charles Darwin, throwing many side-lights on the more intimate details of his life, are included in the memoirs of his wife, entitled "Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters, 1792-1896," edited by her daughter, Henrietta Litchfield, which will be published in two illustrated volumes. The first volume chiefly consists of the letters written by Mrs. Darwin's mother, Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood, and her sisters, now linked together and edited to complete a picture of the country life of an English family in the first half of the nineteenth century. The life and letters of Mrs. Darwin complete a work which was originally written for her grandchildren, and was privately printed in 1904.

Mr. Allen Upward's new book, "Paradise Found," which Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish this month, is a critical extravaganza in dialogue form which is essentially a searching criticism of Mr. Bernard Shaw and his ideas. The plot of the piece is this: Shaw, through enchantment, is cast into a trance, and in this form is preserved by his followers as a sacred relic for two hundred years. At the expiration of two centuries, he is awakened by a kiss into a world administered entirely on Shavian principles. The re-awakened Shaw's disgust with the practical operation of his ideas is developed with much humor; but the reader finds when he is through that the Shavian philosophy has received a searching and at many points a destructive criticism.



## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 100 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- Rabindranath Tagore:** A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated, 12mo, 157 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.
- Yale Yesterdays.** By Clarence Deming; edited by the members of his family, with Foreword by Henry Walcott Farman. Illustrated, large 8vo, 254 pages. Yale University Press. \$2.25 net.
- Hugh's Memoirs of a Brother.** By Arthur Christopher Benson. With portrait, 12mo, 265 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.
- Stratheona, and the Making of Canada.** By W. T. R. Preston. With photogravure portrait, 8vo, 324 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Henry Bennett, Earl of Arlington, Secretary of State to Charles II.** By Violet Barbour, Ph.D. 12mo, 303 pages. Oxford University Press.
- Lucius Tuttle: An Appreciation.** By Hayes Robbins. With portrait, 12mo, 61 pages. Boston: W. A. Butterfield. 50 cts. net.

## HISTORY.

- Campaigns of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth Regiment, New York Volunteers.** Compiled by Mary Genevieve Green Brainard. Illustrated, large 8vo, 542 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3. net.
- Famous Days and Deeds in Holland and Belgium.** By Charles Morris. Illustrated, 8vo, 348 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Financial Administration of the Colony of Virginia.** By Percy Scott Flippin, Ph.D. 8vo, 95 pages. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. Paper.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- The Little Man, and Other Satires.** By John Galsworthy. 12mo, 279 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.30 net.
- The Salon and English Letters:** Chapters on the Interrelations of Literature and Society in the Age of Johnson. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Illustrated, large 8vo, 290 pages. Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.
- The Conduct of Life, and Other Addresses.** By Viscount Haldane. 12mo, 136 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1. net.

## NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- The Works of Henry D. Thoreau.** "Riverside Pocket Edition"; in 11 volumes, with photogravure frontispieces, 16mo. Houghton Mifflin Co. Per volume, \$1.50 net.
- The Divine Comedy (La Comedia di Dante Alighieri).** Translated by Henry Johnson. 8vo, 443 pages. Yale University Press. \$2.50 net.
- Abraham Cowley: The Essays and Other Prose Writings.** Edited by Alfred B. Gough, Ph.D. 12mo, 376 pages. Oxford University Press.

## DRAMA AND VERSE.

- Spoon River Anthology.** By Edgar Lee Masters. 12mo, 248 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- The New Poetry Series.** First volumes: Japanese Lyrics, translated by Lafcadio Hearn, 75 cts. net; Irradiations, sand and spray, by John Gould Fletcher, 75 cts. net; The Winning Fan, poems on the great war, by Laurence Binyon, 50 cts. net; Some Imagist Poets, an anthology, 75 cts. net. Each 12mo. Houghton Mifflin Co.
- Panama, and Other Poems.** Narrative and Occasional. By Stephen Phillips; with frontispiece by Joseph Pennell. 12mo, 153 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.
- Poems of Emile Verhaeren.** Selected and rendered into English by Alma Strettel. With photogravure portrait of the author by John S. Sargent; new edition, 12mo, 92 pages. John Lane Co. \$1. net.
- Love in Danger: Three Plays.** By Mrs. Havelock Ellis. 12mo, 88 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts. net.
- Plays of the Pioneers: A Book of Historical Pageant-plays.** By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Illustrated, 12mo, 175 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1. net.
- A Florentine Cycle, and Other Poems.** By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. 12mo, 217 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- The Glen Path, and Other Songs.** By Samuel Theodore Kidder. With frontispiece, 12mo, 74 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

## FICTION.

- The Honey Bee: A Story of a Woman in Revolt.** By Samuel Merwin. Illustrated, 12mo, 458 pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.35 net.
- Fidelity.** By Susan Glaspell. 12mo, 422 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.35 net.
- Mary Moreland.** By Marie Van Vorst. With frontispiece, 12mo, 359 pages. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35 net.
- Alice and a Family.** By St. John G. Ervine. 12mo, 276 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- Miranda.** By Grace Livingstone Hill Lutz. Illustrated in color, etc., 12mo, 344 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Hand of Peril.** By Arthur Stringer. With frontispiece, 12mo, 331 pages. Macmillan Co. \$1.35 net.
- The Life-Builders.** By Elizabeth Dejeans. Illustrated, 12mo, 410 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.35 net.
- The White Alley.** By Carolyn Wells. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, 300 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Child at the Window.** By William Hewlett. 12mo, 362 pages. Duffield & Co. \$1.25 net.
- The Girl at Central.** By Geraldine Bonner. Illustrated, 12mo, 315 pages. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.30 net.
- King Jack.** By Kelghley Snowden. 12mo, 312 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35 net.
- Doodles: The Sunshine Boy.** By Emma C. Dowd. With frontispiece in color, 16mo, 348 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.
- The Yellow Claw.** By Sax Rohmer. 12mo, 427 pages. McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.35 net.
- His English Wife.** By Rudolph Stratz; translated by A. C. Curtis. 12mo, 335 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.35 net.
- A Silent Witness.** By R. Austin Freeman. Illustrated, 12mo, 382 pages. John C. Winston Co. \$1.20 net.
- Pillars of Smoke.** New edition; 12mo, 252 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.25 net.
- Lord Strathmore's Ruby.** By Ruth Harl. With frontispiece, 12mo, 124 pages. Chicago: Albert H. King.

## THE GREAT WAR—ITS HISTORY, PROBLEMS, AND CONSEQUENCES.

- The Road toward Peace.** By Charles W. Elliot. 12mo, 228 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.
- A Surgeon in Belgium.** By H. S. Souttar, F.R.C.S. Illustrated, 8vo, 217 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.40 net.
- Four Weeks in the Trenches: The War Story of a Violinist.** By Fritz Kreisler. Illustrated, 12mo, 86 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1. net.
- Defenseless America.** By Hudson Maxim. Illustrated, 8vo, 318 pages. Hearst's International Library Co. \$2. net.
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